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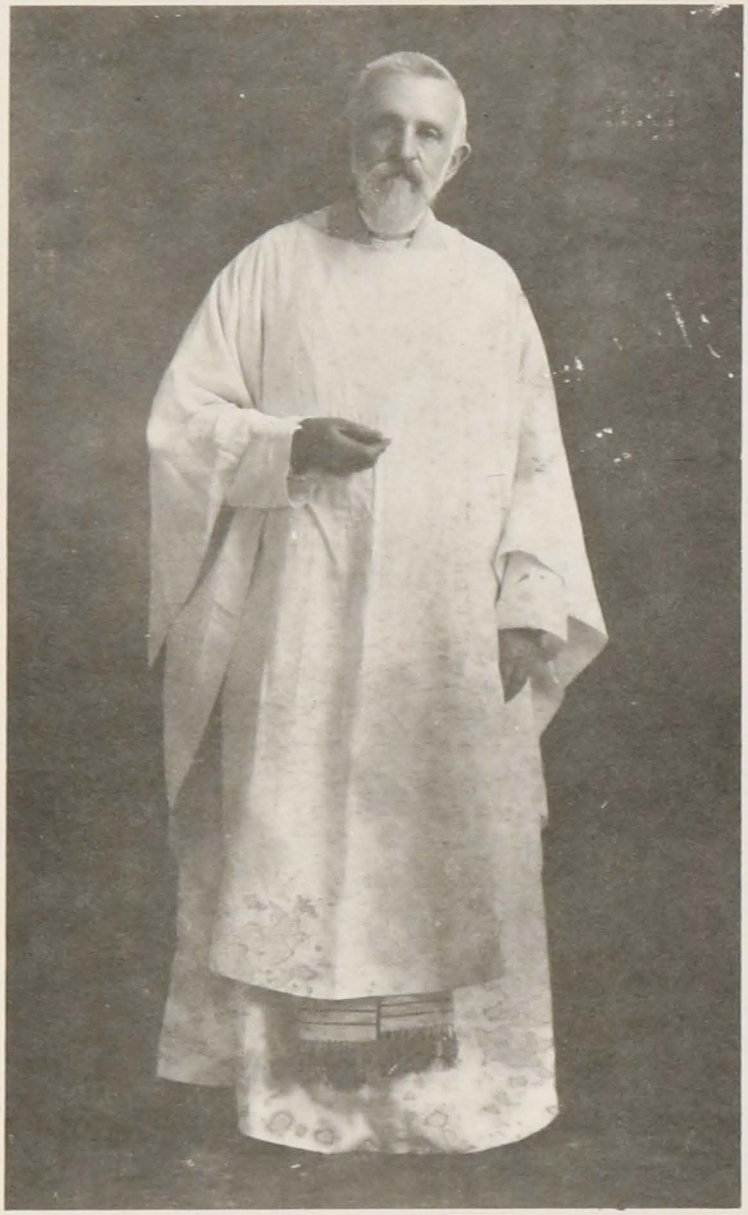
FLASHBACK *published by the*
WASHINGTON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
FAYETTEVILLE, ARKANSAS

Vol. XVI, No. 3 | W. J. Lemke, editor | August 1966



REV. JAMES J. VAULX
Rector, St. Paul's Parish, 1876-1902

(See "History of St. Paul's Parish, Fayetteville," beginning on next page.)

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WASHINGTON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

FAYETTEVILLE, ARKANSAS

Vol. XVI No. 3 August 1966

(Editor's note: Through the interest of Peter Harkins of our Society, we have been able to examine the pioneer records of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, in Fayetteville. Mr. Harkins, while working on the story of the McIlroys and their bank, obtained access to the Episcopal Church records. Our secretary, Deane G. Carter, has copied the records of Rev. W. C. Stout (1840) and especially those of Rev. James J. Vaulx who served as Rector of St. Paul's for 26 years. His daughter, Miss Julia Vaulx, was a long-time librarian at the University of Arkansas.

Your editor, W. J. Lemke, has examined many of the miscellaneous St. Paul's Church archives. We are appending a list of some of the more important items, especially those pertaining to the construction of the church building.)

Miscellaneous Records

1. "Calculation of John Mayes& Committee on Construction of St. Paul's Church 1874--1877." This bill covers the work from June 23, 1873, to Sept. 8, 1875. Other items were added later. The total is $2,305. It is interesting to note that the bricks were made by Kelton & Vest.

2. Deed from Robert W. Mecklin and wife to Rt. Rev. W. C. Lay, Bishop, for 25 acres. This is believed to be the campus of Ozark Institute at Mt. Comfort.

3. Description of land by E. E. Henderson, Title Abstract Office, Fayetteville, dated May 7, 1867.

4. Contract with Oliver to build the church.

5. Authorization for J.H.VanHoose to sell lumber left over, dated Feb. 27, 1878. Present at this meeting were Rev. J. J. Vaulx, Chas. H. Leverett, Wm. McIlroy, J. H. VanHoose and J. L. Cravens.

6. Reports of various Parish meetings, many signed by J. L. Cravens, who was secretary-treasurer.

7. Letter from Bishop N. Pierce of Little Rock about the salary of Rev. J. J. Vaulx.

8. Letter of J. J. Vaulx to the Vestry, regarding complaints about his preaching, dated May 22, 1880.

9. Vaulx's resignation, dated Nov. 3, 1880.

10. Remarks by Bishop Henry Niles Pierce at the consecration and dedication of the church, April 7, 1884.

11. Various resolutions, especially those on the death of Wm. McIlroy and John Beale Gordon.

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INTRODUCTION, by the Rev. W. C. Stout
(as recorded in the old "Record Book.")

The Gospel was first preached in the town of Fayetteville by a clergyman of the Church in the year 1840. This clergyman was the Reverend William Scull, at that time US Chaplain at Fort Gibson, and afterwards Missionary of the Domestic Board of Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

A Parish was organized, and a respectable sum raised by subscription for the support of the Minister. At this time, the prospect was most flattering. No preacher so popular as this Missionary, no services so well attended as those of the Church.

Very soon, however, a revulsion took place. The house was no longer crowded. The congregation still declined and in a little more than one year, the Missionary officiated to a few friends of the Church. The Missionary's popularity was not only gone but great raucus and animosity had taken its place. Of the causes, real and alleged, producing these adverse events it is not essential to this record to relate: they are therefore passed by as things best to be forgotten. All attempts of the Missionary to retrieve his former standing were unsuccessful. After three years the Missionary resigned, and the Parish remained vacant until September 1847, enjoying only the occasional services of the Bishop and the Missionary at Fort Smith. The Parish organizations became extinct. At the same time the field of labour became more firmly occupied by various sects.

Those who adhered to the Church, however, were anxious for her services, and besought the Rt. Rev. G. W. Freeman, Miss. Bishop Southwest, to procure them a minister. After due inquiry, he selected for this field William Cummins Stout, then a Student of Theology in the Theological Seminary of Virginia. Immediately after his ordination to the deaconate (which took place in St. Paul's Church, Alexandria, Va., on the 16th day of July 1847 by the hands of the Rt. Rev. William Meade D.D.) he proceeded to his field of labour, where he arrived the ninth day of September, 1847. His welcome was sufficiently cheering, but based on other considerations with the majority a due regard to his Mission.

As before said, the Parish organization had become extinct, and although the former Missionary was at hand, and application made to him, yet no records could be obtained. This Record must therefore necessarily embrace matters subsequent to that event.

On entering his field of labour this second missionary found as much discouragement, as the former met with encouragement. The Church had not only to bear the accustomed attack of the combined sectaries, but also a local odium much harder to resist.

There were, in the town and vicinity, ten members, in a few days increased by the arrival of the late Missionary and lady, making twelve. In the county, 25 miles distant, two more, and in an adjoining county, three more, making in all seventeen. The number of baptized children could not be easily ascertained, from want of Records, estimated at fifteen. Some additional information may be obtained from the earlier members of the Spirit of Missions but the information there is not altogether to be depended upon for accuracy.

March 1848 W. C. S.

PREFACE: J. J. VAULX HISTORY OF ST. PAUL'S

(The following typed material is taken from an old record book owned by the St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Fayetteville, Ark. It is dated "Mountain Grove, Mo., July 28th, 1904," and signed by James J. Vaulx, Since this was written about two years after the Rector resigned, and at a location outside the state, it is probable that the material was copied into the record book by someone other than the author. Following is the preface:)

"I have written this history of St. Paul's Parish, Fayetteville, Ark. during the twenty-six years of my Rectorship: 1stly, Because I think it very important that every parish should have its history written; 2ndly, Because I desire to give some account of individual members of the Parish whose names deserve to be handed down to posterity for some great good that they have done or for some masked trait of character which should be known for the encouragement of those who come after them and whose memory should be specially preserved in the Parish.

"I desire to place these partial histories of the lives of these individuals in this history of the Parish that their descendants may know of the character of their ancestors, so that they may be led to simulate their virtues. I must say that they have been written without prejudice or partiality as I, their pastor, would give it at the last day when I, with them, shall stand before the judgment seat of the Master.

"I have said nothing about the living, though there are many of them whose names deserve to be mentioned after they are dead and whose memory I trust will be preserved by the faithful pastors who may come after me. I have kept this Register very poorly and improperly, partly through ignorance and partly no doubt through negligence and carelessness, but I hope that no one will ever suffer loss or damage through my neglect.

"Dear Reader, I beg your mercy for my imperfections as you expect to obtain mercy at the last day. And now, praying God's blessing on St. Paul's Parish, its Rectors and its people, the Parish of my love where the best days of my life have been spent, I am,

Lovingly and Faithfully,

James Junius Vaulx,
Former Rector"

HISTORY OF ST. PAUL'S PARISH, FAYETTEVILLE
By Rev. J. J. Vaulx, Rector 1876--1902

On the 18th of October, St. Luke's Day, 1876, the Rev. James Junius Vaulx took charge of the Parish of St.Paul, Fayetteville, Arkansas, as Rector. Fayetteville was then a small town of 1,500 inhabitants, with no communication with the outside world save by stage or private conveyance. The Little Rock and Fort Smith R. R. was 60 miles distant on the south and the Frisco 75 miles on the north. The University of Arkansas, then the Arkansas Industrial University, had but a few years before been established and built.

The shell of St. Paul's Church had been built during the Rectorship of my predecessor, the Reverend Thomas May Thorpe, who had done a good work in Fayetteville. The lot on which it was built was given by Dr. Charles W. Deane. The church was without ceiling (i.e. on walls) and had only a few benches, not more than a dozen, and with a very small box stove for heating it. There was no provision for a robing room save a little curtained-off place in the northwest corner of the church. (I wish I could draw a plan of its interior as it was then, for it would be of interest to you who read this.)

For service vessels there were a flagon, a paten and two chalices of plated ware. The paten and one chalice were given to a Negro parish in Little Rock. There was no cross on the altar -- this lack was supplied by the Rector placing a cross which had been given to him by the Sisters of St. Mary, Memphis, and had been used by them on the altar in the chapel of the church house, Memphis. This was used until a brass cross had been bought by the S.S. and placed on the altar to the glory of God, and in loving memory of George Brooks (son of Mrs. McIlroy) and a faithful S.S. teacher and a member of the Choir.

The Vestry of the Parish was composed of: Dr. C. W. Deane, S. W.; Wm. McIlroy, J. W.; James H. VanHoose, Sec.; and Charles H. Leverett. There were forty communicants, all of whom have fallen asleep except thirteen. They were very much disheartened and discouraged.

The salary provided the Rector was $300 and the offertory, which amounted to about $75, out of which to cover house rent, clothing and household expenses. To supplement this I had to teach school in the unconsecrated church. Among those taught in the school were: Charles Healy and wife; J. L. Bozarth; Loddie, Amanda and Ab Stone; Sallie Pettigrew (Mrs. Ulissis Jackson); Joseph Hill, a lawyer in Ft. Smith; Robert, James and Charlie McIlroy; Wythe and John Walker; Jessie (Mrs. Ollie Cravens) and Leila (Mrs. H. L. Gregg) Cravens.

The Parish grew in numbers and became stronger every year. The present altar was built to the glory of God and in loving memory of John Beale Gordon, the assistant professor of mathematics in the University who was a faithful communicant and a teacher in the Sunday School. He was one of the most manly and lovable characters I have ever known and was to me as a younger brother by blood.

The Holy vessels were gotten by getting contributions of old silver and gold from the members of the parish and were consecrated to the glory of God and in loving memory of all the faithful departed of the parish. Wherefore let every faithful priest that useth them remember them when he offers the Holy Sacrifice of the Altar. Likewise let him see that his hands and heart are clean when he cometh to the altar and let him see that these vessels are kept clean and untarnished as becometh the sacred vessels of the sanctuary.

The candlesticks for the two Eucharistic Lights were given by the Rector as a thank offering for over $100 given to him by one who was called an infidel by the world, which money bought my winter's wood and otherwise helped me through the winter. May the Lord have mercy on him at that day and may light perpetual shine upon him. Let me say that the so-called infidel has always been my friend and I have been his friend because I have found him open and honest, freer from hypocrisy and deceit than many professed followers of our Divine Master.

The reading desk was given by the parish to the glory of God and in loving memory of Dr. Deane. Here was a man faithful and true, that all the members of St.Paul's parish should ever delight to honor. The good physician and a good churchman who had ministered professionally to the needs of the people in his neighborhood, never refusing to go to the call of the poor, night or day, dying comparatively poor and with thousands of dollars of uncollected debts.

The Rector had designed, if it had pleased God for him to have remained long enough in the parish, to build a chapel in the neighborhood where Dr. Deane lived, to the memory of this saint, with an altar over which should be painted a scene from his last illness (and I pray that it may yet be done at some time).

. . . . . .

The Font was made of stone, dug from the surrounding hills and by a stonecutter from the town. The money to pay for it was raised by getting a small contribution from every person who had been baptized in St. Paul's church by the Rector.

It was always the desire of the Rector, as far as possible, to have all of the furnishings of the church made from native material and by home workmen, for obvious reasons. So the Font was made from stone dug from the hills and by a home workman. The bishop's chair, the prayer and litany desks, the seat for the clergyman and the sittings in the church were all made from native wood and by home mechanics. When the ceiling of the church was put up, the Rector had the east end ceiling placed away from the wall, so as to make something of a chancel, with a robing room on the south and a corresponding room on the north.

There are two trees in the churchyard that I must mention and that should be preserved; the one is an osage orange which stands at the southwest corner of the church. This tree which was then a small bush was said to be the cause of the selection of the lot for the church; the former Rector taking a fancy to it selected the lot for that reason. The tree has been kept trimmed and in good order in memory of Rev. Thomas May Thorpe, the former Rector, and I would fain hope that it will always be looked after and cared for in his memory.

The other tree is the sugar maple near the southeast corner of the church. This tree was set out by the hands of James Hayden VanHoose, sometime vestryman of this parish, who has gone to his rest. Be careful of it and tend it well. It is to his memory.

There is one other thing that I must mention -- it is a bell now at the rectory. After the war with Mexico, it was given to the church by Major Mecklin. It came from one of the monasteries or churches of Mexico, and he, a soldier in the U. S. Army, brought it with him. It should be carefully preserved because of its history. It had always been my intention to have it hung in the tower of the church so as to be rung for some of the services, and I would suggest to my successors to have this done.

In the spring of 1884 contributions were asked and obtained from the citizens of Fayetteville, irrespective of religion, for the purpose of completing the house of the Lord against the time of the meeting of the Division Council, when it should be dedicated. The Rector said to the Bishop that he wanted to place in the church all of the ornaments and accessories of worship as he intended it should remain. He had already, for many years, been using the Albe and Chasuble, the proper Eucharistic Vestments. He had made the Fala Litany desk and placed it at its proper place. He also borrowed from Mrs. Dickson, two candlesticks for the Eucharistic lights.

On Sunday (I think it was April 27) the Bishop and clerical members of the council, robing at Mrs. Dickson's on Dickson street, proceeded to the church escorted by Baldwin Commandery Number 4 as the guard of honor. Just outside the door, the Sir Knights arranged themselves on either side making a passageway between, and forming an arch of steel as a shield by raising and extending their swords over the passageway, under which the Bishop and clergy passed to the door of the church, where the Bishop, by three raps on the door, in the name of the Ever Blessed and Adorable Trinity, demanded admission. After gaining admission, the Bishop and clergy proceeded up the aisle and solemnly dedicated and consecrated the church to the service and worship of Almighty God. During the ensuing week, the Rev. James Junius Vaulx was instituted Rector of the Parish and formally given the keys of the church and given authority to perform all the dues of the priesthood in the same and formally endowed with all the rights and privileges thereunto belonging.

Here let us record that although in many parishes there is much trouble over the introduction of lights on the altar and other like ceremonies, in St. Paul there was no trouble, neither was there any objection raised because the Rector had taught that such things were simply non-essentials and were merely accessories of worship to make more beautiful and imposing the services and worship of the church, and might be used or not as the Rector chose.

This same year, 1884, the Bishop exchanged some property he held for the church, known as the Ozark Institute property, for the lot with the small house on it, on the southeast corner of College and Lafayette avenues in the town of Fayetteville for a rectory. The Rector took possession November 3rd, 1884. The lot had a small house on it, which was added to several times until it became a large and commodious house, sufficient for a large family, or as the Rector had hoped, the residence of a body of clergy who could look after the spiritual interests of all the surrounding country. Before taking charge of the rectory, the Rector had for many years occupied a house furnished by the Junior Warden, William McIlroy.

There were two things the Rector had set his heart on doing and which he kept continually before the parishioners. One was the building of a tower to the church and a guild hall or parish house, and the establishment of a church home where orphans and half-orphans might be cared for; where the sick poor might be nursed and cared for; and where the aged and infirm poor might be cared for in their old age.

The Rector's wife having been restored from a very severe illness, the Rector made a thank offering of fifty dollars to be used toward the building of a tower to the church and a guild hall to the memory of William McIlroy, who had been for many years J.W. of the parish and during the last years of his life was S.W.

This work was soon completed through the gifts of the parish and principally through the liberality of the McIlroy family, and the further gift of $300 by the Rector. The guild hall was to be used as a Sunday School room, as a place of meeting for the various societies of the parish and for the parish library, hoping at some future day to increase the library to a public library for the town. It was also to be used for the storing of clothing for the destitute poor.

Here I must say a word about William McIlroy. He was a merchant and the banker of the town, one who had been successful in business and had become one of the richest men of the place. As is often the case, his riches had excited the envy of others and he was universally considered and spoken of as being the stupidest and closest-fisted man in the place, having no charity whatever for the poor.

A new Rector hears everything but especially the bad about everybody. Happy is the Rector who hears, holds his tongue, and reserves his judgment. The Rector heard all manner of stories about Mr. McIlroy's uncharitableness and his oppression of the poor, but when he came to know the man, he found him and his blessed wife to be among the most charitable persons he ever knew.

When it came to a matter of business he wanted the last cent that was due him. His charities were done in secret and were not known to the world. There was scarcely a time that he and his wife did not have some poor old woman at their house, that they were looking after and caring for. Besides this, the Rector found so often that the poor whom he was called upon to minister to had received help from Mr. McIlroy. The rector has never known a man who cared as little for the pomp and circumstance of life.

The poor at his house were treated as well if not better than the rich who might be there with them. In his gifts to the church he made it a rule always to give a tenth of whatever was needed. It was the Rector's desire to build a chapel to the memory of him and his wife, to have a painting over the altar a scene from their life.

. . . . . .

As for the church home which the Rector so earnestly desired to be established, Mrs. Jamie (Wilson) Duncan on her deathbed gave to the Rector $500 for this purpose, under the management of Dr. W. B. Welch as trustee. It has increased to many thousand dollars. It is to be hoped that not many years will elapse before this much needed institution will be built.

St. Paul's, near 60 miles from VanBuren, the nearest Parish church on the south, and none in Arkansas on the north, east or west, the Rector felt that he should as far as possible give light to all the surrounding country wherever there was a communicant of the church, to look after him and break to him the bread of life. These were the counties of Washington, Madison, Benton and Carroll that seemed to be specially under his charge.

During his rectorship he had communicants at Osage Mills, Bentonville, Rogers, Siloam Springs, and in the country about four miles from Lay's (Rhea's ?) Mill, these all in Benton County. He had services at Bentonville, Rogers and Siloam Springs with some regularity for a time, ever breaking to the communicants the bread of life at each visitation, for he considered this to be the great purpose of his visit. In Madison county he held services at Huntsville and St. Paul, where there were no communicants.

In Carroll county, as soon as the Eureka Springs were discovered, even before the railroad was built there, he began holding services there and established a mission there known as the St. James Parish. The name St.James was given to it by the people there because the Rector's name was James. At Eureka Springs he held services regularly for many years, always breaking the bread of life.

In Washington county he had communicants at Winslow and Boonesboro (Now Cane Hill). At Winslow, a mission had been built up by the energy mainly of one devoted church woman, Mrs. Dr. Dunlap, and a chapel had been built. Here the Rector of St. Paul's held services regularly for many years and many were baptized and confirmed, and St. Stephen's at Winslow is now a strong mission -- strong in numbers though the people are very poor.

At Boonesboro the Rector held many services and there are now several communicants, Dr. and Mrs. Blackburn and two daughters, and Mrs. Reynolds. The Rector also held services for many years once a month on Sunday afternoons at the Deane School house and also at the Appleby School in the Anderson-Davis neighborhood. Also at Springdale, where there were several communicants then, he held services with some regularity for some time -- I believe there are no communicants there now.

At all of these places, although there has been as yet no growth, yet the seed has been sown and he prays God in his own good time to give the harvest. The Rector of St. Paul's believed that there should be no drones in a parish, but that every one should do his part, and to this end the parish should be organized to do work under the constituted authorities. He thought that as the Rector had his duties of teaching the people, old and young of his parish, looking after the afflicted and burying the dead. . . . .

As the almoner of the people to look after the poor and care for them; to baptize, prepare and present for confirmation, to preach to the people and expound the Word, and to break to them the Bread of Life. In other words his duties were to look after the spiritual affairs of the parish, while. . . . . .

. . . to the Wardens and vestry belong the duty of looking after the temporal affairs, to attend to the purchasing of property, to keep up and care for the church, its lots and other properties of the parish, to provide holy vessels for the sanctuary, proper vestments for the priests and altar and other subordinate ministers, such as organist and choir, books for the choir and to see to their care, to provide bread and wine for the holy communion and to be trustees for all funds belonging to the parish.

These, with such other matters as pertain to the temporal affairs of the parish, constitute the duties of the Wardens and Vestry. These are the legally constituted officers of the parish: the Rector and the Wardens and the Vestrymen and these are their duties which they should strictly and with one eye to the day wherein they must give a strict account. The rector being convinced that all subordinate organizations should be only to assist these officers in discharge of their duties.

According to this, the Rector organized a Guild called St. Paul's Guild with as Director the J.W. of the Parish, the Guild to consist of various wards each with a warden, for assisting the Rector and Wardens and Vestrymen in the performance of their (duties), as in the constitution of the guild itself it was stated that it was not to act independently but to assist the recognized authorities to perform their duties, as in the constitution of the different wards it was distinctly stated what particular part of the work it was to assist in doing, whether the Rector in his duties or the Wardens and Vestrymen in theirs, e.g. St.Mary's Ward was to raise money to assist the vestry in taking care of the church and other property; St. Luke's was to assist the Rector in looking after the poor by gathering clothing and raising money for this purpose. . . .

By this means he hoped to have every member of the parish -- man, woman and child -- engaged in some work in the parish, working under the officers of the parish. I have been thus full in my explanation of the guild as organized hoping that may suggest something to some of my successors in the Rectorship of the parish.

The Parish of St. Paul has been singularly blessed inasmuch as it was the place of the death of the First Bishop of the Catholic Church in Arkansas. The Rt. Rev. Henry Niles Pierce, DD LLD, entered into life eternal from the southwest upstairs room of St. Paul's rectory. He was a man deeply learned in all the learning of the age, both theological and secular. Indeed, he came nearer knowing everything than any man I have ever known.

. . . . . .

I think I am safe in saying that he never failed in an appointment. I have written this moreover for this purpose, that you may know what a blessing it has been to you to have such a one to enter into life eternal from your midst. Since the good Bishop died in your parish, the Rector has thought that in this parish church above all places should be placed a memorial of his, having as many persons as possible giving towards it. To this end, the Rector has started a fund for the purpose of building a Chancel to the church according to plans now in the hands of Mrs. W.B. Welch, which plan or something similar he hopes will be carried out.

Failing health caused the Rector to leave St. Paul's where he had ministered so long and which he loved so well. Having to leave caused a failure in carrying out the plan. He has left two hundred and odd dollars in the hands of D.W.B. Welch as trustee, having the promise of three members of the parish to push the matter forward. The plan is to get subscriptions from every person to whom the Bishop ministered, specially from those whom he confirmed. My prayers shall always ascend for God's blessing on this work and on those who labour for its accomplishment.

In looking over the 26 years of this Rectorship, the remembrance of many persons who have gone to their rest who for their faithful service deserve to be remembered: Prof. Leverett, Jas. H. VanHoose, Thomas Boles, and George Brooks. Among the faithful women were: Mrs. Bell and her sister, Mrs. Dickson and her daughter Miss Mary Kate Dickson, Mrs. Hauptman, Mrs. North and her sister, Mrs. Gunter, all of whom deserve to be mentioned in this history.

Among the living are many whose names equally deserve to be mentioned, but I refrain from doing so because they are still living and I leave this for some future historian to write. This is a faithful and true history of St. Paul's parish written without prejudice or partiality. There are many things that cannot be written.

The Parish has been noted for its charities, faithfully looking after the poor, the sick, the distressed, the sinful and the fallen ones without regard to their religion, politics or color, and in doing this work the parish was helped cheerfully by many people of Fayetteville who shall receive their reward hereafter from our great Master who has said "inasmuch as you did it to the least of these my brethren you have done it unto me" and "whoever shall give but a cup of cold water ...he shall in no case lose his reward."

Reproduction of what was probably the most elaborate calendar ever issued in Fayetteville, by the McIlroy Bank in 1912 in honor of the 50th anniversary of the Confederacy. The calendar, in gorgeous color, may be seen in our WCHS office. It was discovered by Mertye McIlroy Bagby, one of our members.

The Rector's health had been failing for many years. He had had "la Grippe" several years in succession which caused his health to fail more rapidly. He had always told his parishioners that when it should be that he could not do the work of the parish -- hold the services, baptism, prepare and present for confirmation, marry, break the Bread of Life, minister to the sick and the poor, and bury the dead, that he would have to leave them, as much as he would regret it.

In the winter of 1901-1902 he was granted an unlimited leave of absence to go to Southern Florida for his health. He returned after six weeks much improved, but he soon found that he could (not) stand the cold of the winters and he felt compelled to give up the work and he resigned to take effect the last of October 1902, and accordingly with deep regret and many tears he left St. Paul's which he had served so long and loved so well. May God's best blessing be poured out upon St. Paul's Parish and all of its members is the prayer of

"The Old Rector"
Jas. J. Vaulx

NEWS NOTES

Our last FLASHBACK featured an article about J.W."Bill" Fulbright, written by one of our members, Irene Carlisle. When Mrs.Carlisle wrote her article in 1942, Congressman Fulbright objected to certain comments. So it was a pleasure to receive a letter from the Senator dated July 21, saying "I was delighted to see the May issue of FLASHBACK containing the article by Irene Carlisle. It brought back some pleasant memories of the old days. The objections I had at that time certainly are out of date. As I read it now, I do not see much justification for any of them. On the contrary, I think it is one of the most interesting articles I have seen. I like the photographs and if the Society has any spare copies, I would like very much to have them. J.W. Fulbright, US Senate, Washington, D.C."

- wchs -

The Faulkner County Historical Society and the Conway Chamber of Commerce invited our Society to attend the dedication of the Greathouse Restoration on the court house square in Conway, Ark., June 26. This is the original log home of the Greathouse family, which stood at Cross Roads. These, of course, were ancestors or kinsmen of the Greathouses who moved to Washington County. Capt. Jack Greathouse, author of the history of the family, still lives in Fayetteville (Route 3)and is a member of our Society.

- wchs -

A Rieff family from Columbus, Ohio, visited our office in June, seeking information about the branches of the family who came to Washington Co., Ark. We were able to give them some information about the Rieffs buried in the Rieffs Chapel cemetery and in the Friendship cemetery on the Devil's Den road. And we were able to show them all the Rieff references in our bound file of FLASHBACK.They also visited the court house and looked up Rieff marriage records.

- wchs -

SAGA OF THE BEATYS

compiled by Burlene Hilton and
written by Ruth Holt Payne

One of our favorite Washington County pioneer families is the Beaty clan. So it was a real pleasure to receive a copy of the "Saga of the Beatys", compiled and written by two members of our Washington County Historical Society, Mrs. Burlene Hilton and Mrs. Ruth Holt Payne, both of Lincoln. This is a 56-page booklet, well illustrated and full of genealogical data.

We were especially pleased to see the booklet dedicated to William A. Beaty, who lived to be 106½ and at whose 100th birthday party in Lincoln. Ark., we were permitted to make a few remarks. Aalso, we had as a student in our classes, a member of the present Beaty generation, Al Beaty, who got his degree from the University of Arkansas in 1954 and now is employed in Washington, D.C.

Our favorite picture in the booklet is a photo taken in the Beaty family cemetery near Albany, Ky., showing Mrs.Hilton and Mrs.McWhorter standing at the graves of Alexander and Catherine (Travis) Beaty.

The Beatys came to America fromIreland in the early 1700s and spread throughout the Colonies. Two brothers, John and Francis, came from Ireland in the early 1700s and settled in Pennsylvania. With other pioneers, they emigrated down the Shenandoah Valley into the HolstonValley into Virginia and Tennessee.

In 1799 inspired by pioneers such as Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett who had blazed a trail into Kentucky in 1780 via Cumberland Gap country, four Beaty brothers, Alexander, James, William and Andrew, and a Martin Beaty, evidently related, came to Cumberland County, Ky., from Clinton County. They settled along Lick Creek and each took up at least 200 acres, all adjoining.

Another group of Beatys, Davis, George, John and Pleasant, settled just across the Kentucky line from the first group in Fentress County, Tenn. There was a Beaty school and cemetery there and the community was known as Beatyville.

For many years the descendants of the Kentucky branch of the Beaty family and those of the Beatys who emigrated to Arkansas had no information of each other and the brief information given by William A. Beaty, who lived to be 106½ years old. Then a letter written by Jehu in 1854 to his brother, Thomas P's family, was recently discovered in an old trunk owned by Odle Beaty, now deceased. Contact was made with the Kentucky descendants which led to the publication of this book.

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Copies of the "Saga of the Beatys" are for sale, but we do not know the price. We suggest that you write to Mrs. Burlene Hilton, Lincoln, Ark. Our guess is that this will be a collectors' item in a short time.

— WJL

CIVIL WAR EXPERIENCES OF SARAH ELLIS YEATER

(Editor's note: The material below is excerpted from Sarah Ellis Yeater's account of her Civil War adventures. Mrs. Yeater's account is divided into three parts, of which we are reprinting the material that refers chiefly to northwest Arkansas. She was born in Vermont, came to Osceola, Mo. to teach, married a Southerner, John J. Yeater. Her account relates the burning of Osceola by General Lane's Kansans, and the family's flight south. Lack of space prevents our reprinting her graphic account of the destruction of Osceola, a war-time atrocity that parallels the burning of Fayetteville a year later by Price's Confederate troops. We are printing all material that pertains to Washington County.

(Some of our older readers will recognize the places where Mrs. Yeater lived during the war years. It is our guess that she and her family lived at first in the Tebbetts house (now P. R. Green) on East Dickson Street. When the Confederates took over, she moved, probably across the street to either the home of Wm. Baxter, president of Arkansas College, or a house in that neighborhood. When the Union army took over, Mrs. Yeater moved back to the "big house", but was again ousted when the Federal commander, Col. M. LaRue Harrison, wanted the house for his headquarters. The account closes with the recovery of the Yeater gold in 1866. The money was buried on a hillside occupied by a Federal camp. We have no idea where this spot was but would guess it to be up the slope of East Dickson Street of today (1966).

(We think our readers will enjoy this abbreviated account. And we thank Ed A. Yeater of Winslow for making this information available. The author of these war-time memories was the mother of the late Miss Laura Yeater, long-time resident of Fayetteville. -- WJL)

MY EXPERIENCES DURING THE CIVIL WAR

Written October 1910, for my granddaughter, Jeanette Brokmeyer

Written by Mrs. John J. Yeater (Sarah Ellis),
mother of Laura Yeater, of Fayetteville, Ark.
Reprinted from copy owned by E. A. Yeater of
Winslow, Ark.

I was born on my father's farm near Montpelier, Vermont on March 31, 1832, and lived there till the spring of 1836 when my father sold his farm and bought another near Hardwick, Vt., where I lived with my parents till April, 1843, when my mother died. Since my father now found himself left with a family of six small children, the oldest of whom was a boy under 13 years old, I, the second child, being just eleven, he consented to allow my mother's relatives to take charge of the children, especially as they had some property inherited from their Grandfather Woodbury's estate, the income from which would be sufficient for their support.

Soon after my mother's death he took the children to their relatives in Springfield, Vt.; we made this journey in a carriage, there being no railroads then; it required three days to reach our destination, the distance being little more than 100 miles. I found a home with my Grandmother Woodbury who lived on a farm with her two unmarried daughters and a son.

I attended the public school at Springfield for a time and afterward graduated from the Springfield Wesleyan Academy, and taught school in Vermont and New York till 1855, when I came to Missouri as a teacher. I was principal of Osage Academy, located in the town of Osceola, Mo., for three years, and was then married to John J. Yeater, a merchant in that town, and had resided there three years after my marriage when the Civil War began.

Before coming to Missouri I had been warned against expressing an opinion adverse to slavery, and had been sufficiently discreet to avoid making any enemies on that account, though frequent efforts had been made to get me to express my opinion on the subject.

While teaching I boarded with the family of Dr. P. M. Cox, who was the owner of about forty slaves, and my observation while there had to some extent modified my previously formed opinion in regard to their treatment. After the election of Abraham Lincoln to be President of the United States there was a great deal of speculation as to the effect of a Republican President on the institution of slavery, and when the news of the firing on Fort Sumter reached Osceola no one expressed any disapproval of the act, and if at that time any one disapproved of this act of the South Carolinians no expression of dissent was uttered, and very soon the men in that vicinity began to colunteer to join a company of militia to oppose the coming of Federal troops into the State.

The women, and girls too, eagerly offered their services to make clothing suitable for the men to wear. I being a Northern woman was suspected of being unfriendly to the Southern cause and one after another called on me and endeavored to get an expression from me in regard to my views on the subject. There was no question as to my husband's feelings. Finally two young ladies who had been my pupils, called and asked me to cut out shirts for the ladies to make for the volunteers, and I consented to do this, and cut a bolt of goods into shirts, but as I had a young and very delicate babe to care for I was not asked to help make the shirts.

The company was soon equipped and went to Springfield, where they participated in the Battle of Wilson's Creek, where General Lyon was killed. When these men returned after having witnessed real fighting they were more quiet, and there was not very much excitement till General Lane came to Osceola with a regiment of Kansans in September, 1861.

The citizens got word that these troops were on the way several hours before they arrived, and they took away as much of their property as they could get transportation for. My husband came in about the middle of the afternoon and told me to pack as much as I could of the best and most necessary things we had, and he would try to get teams to take them away. I packed two large trunks with our clothing, bedding and silver, but he could find no one to take them out of town.

Everybody was busy with his own affairs and had no time to do for others. When night came and I was left alone, I with the help of a servant, took the trunks out of the house and concealed them as best I could in the high weeds in the lots, and taking my babe I went across the alley to the house of my father-in-law, C. H. Yeater. The men all left town that night and did not return till after the troops were gone. During the night we could hear people moving about in the streets, but as there was no light we knew nothing of what was being done.

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After it was light enough to see well, I noticed that my trunks were very poorly concealed, and seeing some men looking around asked them to bring the trunks across the alley and into the house, which they very kindly did. We could see soldiers moving about in the town but they made very little noise.

About two o'clock P.M. we saw smoke rising in the middle of the town and soon realized that the buildings were being set on fire. I immediately took up my babe and started to go home, when my mother-in-law, who was a very timid woman, given to hysterics, began to weep and to beg me not to go, and while I hesitated a moment or two trying to pacify her, the torch was applied to my own house, and when I turned to go it was already blazing, and knowing I could do nothing there, I remained where I was. It was well that I did so, for my being there saved the house, as when two men came with torches to light it, I claimed the house was mine, and after a little talk they asked for a drink, which my mother-in-law made haste to give them, and left without doing us any damage.

As soon as I felt sure the soldiers had really gone I started out to see what could be done. At my house pigs confined in a pen were squealing lustily, having been so near the burning buildings as to suffer from the heat, and I released them by breaking down the fence. The house was already a smoking ruin, but the smokehouse only a few feet away was standing. My husband's store and warehouse were entirely consumed. Most of the houses of the town were still smoking and I noticed one not far from where mine had been that was not burning and went to it. Here the only man left in town during the past 24 hours joined me. I was much surprised to see him as I had thought every male inhabitant above 12 years old had retreated to some place of safety. We tried the doors and found them all locked. We found the house filled with smoke, but there was no flame. We soon saw that a bed had been set on fire and that it had burned with the floor under it letting all the fire fall to the ground below. With a few buckets of water we quenched this fire and went on to see what could be done elsewhere. There was very little that could be done. We saw no one but ourselves anywhere.

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Next morning my mother-in-law wanted to try to hide as much of our most necessary or valuable things as we could, but I replied that I was so exhausted that I could do no more, and that I preferred to keep my property in sight where I could claim it and save it if possible.

I soon took a hard chill and was unable even to care for my babe for the next two days, but we were not disturbed, and the men who had not gone very far away returned, and things were tolerably quiet for the next two weeks.

After the men returned it began to be rumored that certain citizens had taken or had given goods from the stores before they were burned. The merchants called on those who had goods obtained in this way to bring them out, and quite a large quantity of dry goods were brought out but no groceries. Each merchant knew his own mark and was able to select the goods that belonged to him. In the division we secured sufficient dry goods to clothe us nearly through the war.

One of the first thoughts of the men when they came back and found the town in ashes was to learn whether the safes in the stores and the bank vaults had withstood the heat of the fire. Osceola was essentially a wooden town, with scarcely a brick building in its limits. The money in the safes was found intact, there being very little paper money in circulation there.

There was only one bank in the town, and shortly after their return the stockholders met and divided the money, each one undertaking to care for his share. This business was transacted with as much secrecy as possible, as in the unsettled state of the country it was not safe for any one to have much money on one's person, and it was a grave question with us as to what we should do with this money. Some of the colored servants had left with the Kansas troops, but many remained. Many buried their money as secretly as possible, but in some cases the servants learned the hiding places and betrayed the secret, while others remained faithful to their owners. As soon as possible our family servants were sent farther south to a place of safety.

Not long after this first coming of the Kansas regiment the rumor was circulated that they were again on their way here, but as the Osage river was bankfull and supposed to be impassable we were not so much alarmed as we otherwise would have been, and in the morning many of the citizens assembled on the river bank to see what this squadron would do, although most of them were prepared for a quick retreat in case of necessity. The regiment scarcely halted on the bank, but plunged in and swam their horses where the water was too deep for fording. Our men did not wait to meet the enemy, and again the town was left with only women and children to defend it.

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The warehouse had been burned, but it was a light structure and the salt was uninjured except the ends of the sacks were burned off. The officer asked where my husband was and I replied, "He was on the river bank when you reached the other side, but when he saw you were coming over, as he had some good horses he thought it best to take them away, and has just ridden over the hill." I had not paid much attention to the man who came with me while talking, but when I was ready to go and suggested his leaving with me he was told he would better stay with them for the present.

On looking around I discovered that I was surrounded by soldiers and said, "How am I to get out of this crowd?" One of the lower officers said, "I will see you safely home," and two quite gentlemanly looking men were sent home with me, and I was told it would be a protection to us to have them stay at the house, and they remained with us till the regiment left Osceola. Two men were also detailed to guard my salt.

Two men soon came to the house who said they had been sent to search the house for arms and ammunition. They said they preferred one of the family should accompany them and I went along with them. After a superficial search of drawers, chests, etc., we went to the basement. I had gone there a day or two before with my husband to conceal some guns that had been in the house for months and I hoped they would not find them. After searching the kitchen and dining room we went into the back cellar, which was very poorly lighted, and as we were about to open an inner door we both noticed at the same moment something that in the semi-darkness in the corner resembled the stocks of guns. I could hear the beating of my heart as the man grasped them thinking no doubt that he had found a prize, but they turned out to be only brooms. I was willing to pursue the investigation farther, but the men, after asking what was in the different bins and my replying, "apples and potatoes", were satisfied without going into the dark corners of the cellar. As we returned to the upper rooms one of the men noticed a flask apparently hid behind a curtain and took possession of it, and finding it contained about a pint of whiskey he went to a window and emptied it on the ground. When he reported his find and what he had done with it the doctor, who was one of the gentlemen staying at the house, told him he had been infringing on his department, and that he should have reported finding the whiskey to him, and he could have confiscated it, as it might have been used as medicine.

The colonel who stayed at our house was a New Hampshire man, and as I was from Vermont we found we were conversant with the same local events, knew some of the same people, politicians particularly, and had both heard John T. Hale deliver the same political speech.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon we noticed a bunch of cattle being driven up the street by soldiers on horseback. The cattle had been collected from the prairie near town and were being driven away presumably for beef. As they came nearer we saw that our milk cow was in the number and with some others turned in toward home. My sister-in-law ran to open the gate and her mother appealed to the gentleman in the house to save her cow, and they ordered the soldiers to let her go into the lot, and we learned afterward that several women in town saved their cows by claiming them.

During the day soldiers brought in a sample of molasses to the doctor to see if it would be safe to eat it. After looking at the sample and inquiring where it came from, I being present told him the two barrels of molasses they were locating belonged to me, that we were afraid to use it or even to sell it lest it might have been poisoned when the town was burned. He assured me it had not been tampered with by their men, and as far as they were concerned we might use it with perfect safety, and not think they were a band of poisoners. He had the barrel moved into the smokehouse and a guard placed there.

General Lane had in some way heard of me and sent for me to come and see him. When I went to his stopping place he asked how it was that my husband was a rebel, and added that I, a Northern woman, should have kept him from it. He wanted me to have him come in, saying he would be perfectly safe. I replied that I did not know where my husband was, but if I saw him before he left I would deliver his message and bring him to see him. Mr. Yeater did return that night and I went with him next morning to see General Lane, who told Mr. Yeater that if he would promise to give no farther aid to the Confederacy he would be protected in his person and property, and would be paid for all that had been destroyed. Mr. Yeater said he thought it would be better to make no promises now, but judge from his future conduct. The General said, "Very well, it is for you to choose." This was the last time I ever saw General Lane.

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Many of the citizens in the community owned slaves and many of their slaves left with the soldiers when they went back to Kansas. Some sent their servants south to places of safety so that women who knew little of housework were compelled to fill their servants' places in their kitchens. My father-in-law had sent his servants south and our housework had to be done by the family. My mother-in-law was a woman sixty years old, and had the misfortune to sprain her ankle just at this time, and the only daughter of the family was a girl of sixteen, and since my house was burned I had made one of the family. When it became necessary to prepare food for the family it seemed very strange to the others that I, a Northern woman, did not know how to cook. Anyone can sweep, dust and wash dishes, but cooking is a trade, or profession, and my profession was teaching. Having been left without a mother at eleven years of age I had spent most of my time at school and had had no opportunity to learn cooking, especially as I had no taste for it. However, I knew enough to prepare food that would sustain life at least, and with the aid of a cookbook could prepare a very creditable meal, and I gained considerable experience in the culinary art during the few weeks we were without servants. I also learned that I could wash and iron, too, in case of necessity.

After the Confederate squadron left it was no longer safe for Southern sympathizers to remain in Osceola, and on Dec. 3, 1861, we started to go south, carrying what remained of our property in one two-horse wagon. We traveled in company with my father-in-law and family, who had three wagons. The question as to the safest way of carrying our money was a great and puzzling one, as we were liable to be halted by bushwhackers at any time, and the contents of our wagons overhauled in the search for valuables. As we had a seven-months' old babe who was in constant need of a frequent change of garments, we decided the safest place to carry our money would be to take it in a carpet sack with the necessary articles for the baby, and this made the carpet sack very heavy. As a mother is usually expected to care for her baby's needs, it devolved on me to carry this carpet sack when it was necessary to move it. This was quite a task, but fortunately I was not called upon to defend it.

On our first night after leaving Osceola we stopped at the house of a friend about fifteen miles from the town. We followed the stage road to Springfield, and the next two nights stopped at the usual stage

stands, the women sleeping in the house but the men preferring to sleep near their horses. After passing Springfield it was difficult to find places that could accommodate travelers, and the fourth night out the family near where we camped could furnish only one bed. My mother-in-law and her daughter occupied this bed, and we took enough bedding from the wagon to make a comfortable sleeping place, spread it on the ground under a tree near the wagons, and I with my babe slept there. Although it was now the middle of December, the weather was pleasant, and I felt no inconvenience from my novel sleeping place, except that the noise of the tramping of the horses kept me awake part of the time.

When we arrived at Fayetteville, Arkansas, we found our servants all right and very glad to see us. We rented a house and began housekeeping together. My father-in-law and his two sons, John J. Yeater and Joseph K. Yeater, opened a small grocery store in Fayetteville, and with their own teams hauled their supplies over the Boston mountains from Fort Smith. They bought several barrels of sugar in Fort Smith and left it there in a warehouse intending to haul it over the mountains as it was needed in the store, but early in March the rumor reached us that the Federal troops were about to leave Springfield and come farther south, and as Fayetteville was on the regular traveled road, it was thought the brigade would come there first. There was now a general stampede from the town, and almost everybody was anxious to get away. The Yeater family still had their teams and the first intention was for the men to take their money and servants, with what property they could haul, and leave the women behind, but this time I refused to stay and be a protector for the others, particularly as my baby and myself were about all we had to take. I told my father-in-law who had counted on my staying, that I was not afraid of the army but of the work, particularly as the water must be brought from a spring some distance from the house, and I knew I would have the water to carry, as it would not do for my sister-in-law, a girl of 16, to do this work with the army camped near. Since I refused to stay the family all went.

About every one who could get away left Fayetteville at this time, and the line of carriages, wagons and horsemen must have been two miles or more long as they crossed the Boston mountains, and as the road had not been worked for months a wagon would frequently be stalled and the whole procession have to stop till that particular wagon was lifted out of its rut and started on again.

After crossing the mountains this procession separated, each going in a different direction. We traveled along the north bank of the Arkansas river, and, about sundown, as we drew near a nice looking plantation, we thought it would be a good place to stop for the night, and one of the men went to the house to ask for accommodations. He received the reply that they did not take in travelers, but that there was a house about two miles farther on where they thought we might be accommodated, and we accordingly drove on. When we got to the place designated we found a two room log cabin with surroundings which indicated the usual squalor of such houses, and we then understood that the well-to-do planters of Arkansas did not extend hospitality to the refugees from north of the mountains, and we asked no more favors except to buy corn for the horses.

The weather had been warm up to this time and the spring was well advanced when about ten o'clock one morning we began to experience what these people call a norther. The temperature fell 40 degrees in less than two hours, and from a balmy spring morning freezing weather set it. Our company consisted of seven white people, including the baby, and six colored people, a mother and her children and grandchild so it was important that we find shelter as soon as possible. On inquiry we heard of a vacant school house two miles farther on and drove there at a good pace. Arkansas country school houses at that time were not fitted up with permanent seats and desks, and this one was a log structure about 20 feet square with a huge fireplace six feet square. We moved our beds and cooking utensils into the house, the servants occupying part of the room with us, and we were very thankful for quarters so comfortable. The house was in the timber and fallen trees and branches were plentiful for fire, and food for the horses could be bought at reasonable prices and we remained here several days till the weather moderated.

After this time we found vacant houses by the roadside and went in for the night, sometimes stopping for a day or two to make inquiries about the prospect of getting into some business. In this way we traveled nearly to Little Rock. About 25 miles from there we came to a steamboat landing on the Arkansas river where there was a postoffice, a school house, a church and a few other buildings. A prosperous planter who had owned many slaves resided here with his family. There was a comfortable house, formerly occupied by the overseer, and plenty of stable room for our horses, and there the people were more friendly to refugees than they were farther north. This man offered us the use of the overseer's house and all the stable room we needed. He also sold us corn at reasonable prices, and we remained here several weeks.

My father-in-law in the meantime went to Little Rock to look over the prospects of engaging in business there. He had been there 25 years before with the same idea and was well pleased with the place then, but he returned from this visit convinced that the uncertainties of the war had been discouraging to business in the South as farther north. At the same time my husband not feeling inclined to go farther south had made a horseback trip to Fayetteville to learn the prospects there at that time. When he reached the outskirts of Fayetteville he came suddenly on a Federal picket who halted him and asked where he had come from and where he was going and who he was. He replied that he lived in the country and was going into town. The picket had some corn and was feeding his horse, and as Mr. Yeater had corn in his saddlebags he remarked that it would be a good time to feed his horse, too. The picket asked why he was carrying corn to town, and his reply was that he expected to spend the night with a friend and thinking he might not have corn he had brought some along to feed his horse.

While they were talking the man who lived near there and knew Mr. Yeater well returned home, and though he knew Mr. Yeater well he showed no sign of recognition but gave him a sly wink as he passed. When the pickets were changed for the night Mr. Yeater suggested going into town with the retiring picket, but he said he thought he had better not go into town that night, but go home and wait till another time. Mr. Yeater accepted his decision, and turning his horse walked slowly back

until he knew he was out of sight, then throwing away the corn left in his saddlebags he put spurs to the horse and rode 40 miles without halting. After his return he and his father discussed the matter and both decided it would be best to return to Fayetteville.

On April 24, 1862, we started on our return journey, and with our former experiences in traveling we made preparations before starting to camp out all the way, sleeping in our wagons if no empty houses were found on our route. My father-in-law with his four wagons went in front, and we with one wagon brought up the rear. We met with no trouble till we reached the river, which we crossed on a ferry boat. The first wagon went over all right, but the second team, driven by Joe Yeater, balked and could not be made to leave the boat. My father-in-law, who had gone over safely, returned to the boat, and in getting this team started he got his feet wet, but did not mention it till we camped for the night and he was ready to retire, some four or five hours later. Then his wife and servant did all they could, by giving him hot teas and foot baths, to prevent a cold, which they feared.

We started at the usual time the next morning, but by ten o'clock my father-in-law had a hard chill and was obliged to turn the reins over to his wife, and lie on a bed arranged for him in the wagon. We went on in this way till about four o'clock p.m. when we heard of an empty school house near Charleston, some 25 miles from Fort Smith. We stopped here intending to rest awhile. A bed was taken into the house and my father-in-law made as comfortable as possible. I, too, was suffering from a cold and had been lying on a bed in the wagon most of the day, and when the wagons stopped a bed was thrown on the ground for me and I lay there with Charley playing around, while the others were making arrangements for moving into the house. When they came out to me I was almost past speaking from a sudden attack of asthma, and then all haste was made to get me into the house and get a doctor for me. We had been in this school house four days and both the complaining ones were so much improved that we had intended starting next morning, when two of our horses got loose in the night and started for Missouri. My husband and his brother, as soon as the horses were missed, took another team and started in pursuit of the runaways and overtook them a few miles from the river, but when they returned with the horses my father-in-law had taken a turn for the worse and we resigned ourselves to remain till he should be able to travel.

He grew worse and died May 6th, 1862, and we buried him in the graveyard at Charleston, Arkansas. It so happened that Rev. Henry Speed, formerly from Osceola, was living at Charleston. He had been pastor of the Christian church at Osceola, of which Mr. Yeater was a member, and he conducted the funeral exercises. When we went to the grave we were compelled to take our money with us as there was no one to leave it with. Not long after the funeral we resumed our journey.

On our arrival in Fayetteville, we rented houses on adjoining lots and began housekeeping again. The Battle of Pea Ridge had been fought and the battalion had retreated to Springfield, and there was comparative quiet during most of the summer. But before fall we all became convinced that neither Mr. Yeater nor his brother could remain in the South without joining the army, as small parties of Federal scouts came into town at different times. The evening before the Prairie Grove

fight Mr. Yeater was at home and went to the hotel in town to learn the news. During the day the reports of cannon, as was thought, were heard, though anvils with powder made a report very near like a cannon and were often used to deceive the citizens.

At the hotel were two strangers dressed in citizen's clothes and they appeared just as anxious for news as Mr. Yeater. The strangers and citizens treated each other with great politeness, but Mr. Yeater learned enough to decide him to leave that night, as he felt convinced the two men were spies from the Federal army. He left about 9 o'clock that night, going toward his company, and by 2 o'clock next morning the Federal troops began passing our house toward Prairie Grove, where some regiments of Confederates were camped, and they were surprised next morning while at breakfast by an attack of the enemy. This battle lasted several hours, and the noise of the battle could be distinctly heard in Fayetteville. My husband was not in this fight as he had gone in an opposite direction from Prairie Grove and had reached his company in safety, and I neither saw nor heard from him again for several months.

Next morning the Federals established a hospital in Fayetteville and began bringing in their wounded, but not many days later the Federals returned to Springfield, leaving surgeons at the hospital with sufficient men to guard them, and as the patients recovered or died the few remaining were placed in the homes of the citizens who undertook to care for them, and the hospital was abandoned.

Before this battle we had sent our servants south of the Boston mountains, and my husband having gone to the army I was left alone with Charley, and not feeling safe to stay entirely alone, with a vacant house on either side, I got a neighbor boy about 15 years old to sleep at my house at night.

When the troops retreated an insane man was left behind with no one to care for him, and he wandered around as he pleased. One night after 10 o'clock he came to my house and called for a great many things, among them army blankets which he said had been left there. I tried to convince him that he was mistaken in the place, that there were no blankets there, and to persuade him to leave, but he would not go. Then, as the man was at the front of the house, I asked the boy who was staying with me if he would slip out the back door and go to the nearest neighbor, where I knew there was a man, and ask him to come and take the insane man away. He said he could not go. Then I asked him if he would stay there and let me slip out, he locking the door behind me, and I would go for help. He finally consented to do this and I went out as quietly as possible, the boy locking the door. I passed through the two back yards to the kitchen of my neighbor's house and stated the case, and asked him to take the man away. He said two men had just passed up the road on an errand and when they returned he would have them take him away. I returned the way I came and found the boy badly frightened. He said the man had got the window open and had one leg in, and that he had pointed the broom at him, threatening to shoot him and he had gone away. "Come and see," he said, "when he shut the window down the lace curtain caught in the window," and that was proof that it had been opened, though I had supposed it was securely

fastened. The man left for a short time but soon came back and said he was hungry, so I gave him some bread and butter, raising the sash about four inches, where it caught. I passed it out to him, then he asked for coffee, but I assured him I had none; then he took a drink from the rainwater in a barrel and again called for the blankets. Finally he said if I would give him some matches to light his pipe he would go away. I took two matches and after rubbing the phosphorus off till I thought they could not be lighted I passed them to him through the keyhole, and he went away, as I hoped for the night. No one had come to take him away, and perhaps half an hour after he left I noticed a light through the window in the vacant house next to me, and lights could be seen in different parts of the house for some time. Next morning when we examined the house we found in every room torches made by twisting paper so it could be carried. These had been extinguished when they got too short to handle.

In the afternoon the mother of the boy who had been staying with me came to tell me her son could not stay with me at night any more. She said she had tried to get him to come and tell me himself, but he did not have the courage to do that. He said Mrs. Yeater was not frightened at all and she would not be afraid to stay alone. She had talked with the man and laughed at his jokes, but he could not sleep from the fright and would not try it another night for the man might come again.

About ten days after this as I looked from my window in the night I noticed a light on the very top of the court house roof. I looked out and listened but could hear nothing, and as the court house was nearly half a mile away I made no attempt to give an alarm and sometime passed before the fire was discovered. When the fire had made such progress that it was impossible for any one to descend from the upper story, the insane man appeared at an upper window and after looking about for a moment he grasped the lightning rod and slid down to the ground. His hands were frightfully burned, but he was not otherwise injured. After this he was kept confined and when the army returned he was sent to the military hospital at Little Rock, where he was treated and the pressure being removed from his brain his reason was restored, and he proved to be a lawyer from Lone Jack, where he had been wounded in the fight, but how he came to be in Fayetteville we never knew.

In the month of December, 1862, the Arkansas regiments, officered mostly by men from Iowa, Michigan and Illinois, returned to Fayetteville and established a post which they maintained through the winter. My mother-in-law and her daughter had been offered the use of a large house just across the street from where they had been living by the owner of the building, as he was leaving town with his family. She accepted the offer and moved over, and much of the furniture being left in the house made it more desirable. I was still living in the same house we had rented on our return from the southern part of the State. This was a small six-room house with no modern improvements, but soon after coming to town the commander of the post selected my house for a residence for himself, wife and two sons, and his adjutant, and came in occupying every room except a small bedroom too small to have a fire in it. They took possession of my furniture, using the cook stove, china and silver. The soldiers soon set up their tents on three sides of the house and camped all over the grounds. I remained

in the house three days and found it so unpleasant that I decided to move in with my mother-in-law. The colonel, however, told me I could take my clothing and bed and that he needed the other things for his own use, but would give me a receipt for them and return them later.

Not more than two weeks after I moved the colonel decided to take the large house where I was living with my mother-in-law, and ordered the house vacated, so we went across the street to a four-room cottage, built as a rooming house for students at the college. The main college building had been burned, but this small building in the back yard had been left, probably being too insignificant to notice.

My mother-in-law, her daughter, myself and babe, and the "colored mammy" and son, 12 years old, who remained with us, all occupied this house through the winter. About the fourth day after we had settled in our humble cottage another division of the army came to Fayetteville and brought with them Miss Wier as prisoner. She was a young lady who had been my pupil at Osceola and had been a prisoner in this command for several days, and as she had known us she was allowed to stay with us and report to the General at stated times. When the time appointed for her to report came she asked me to go with her, which I was very willing to do, as in our haste in moving I had forgotten some articles that I wanted to get from the house.

When we reached the General's room he was absent, but the room was occupied by several lower officers in his command and they gave us seats while we waited, which was not long. When the General came in he walked around behind me and I did not notice him till I heard him saying something about his chair being occupied, and I thinking I might have his chair, arose and gave it to him, and he accepted it, but almost instantly every other man in the room was on his feet offering me his chair. After Miss Wier had made her report I explained that I had moved from this house hurriedly and in my haste had forgotten some articles that I would like to get now. I was given permission to look for them and found my pillows on a nicely made-up bed, and also a buffalo robe which I was pretty sure was mine but, as I was not positive, I left the robe, but took the pillows and some other articles.

As we were walking down the walk on leaving I heard horse's feet near me and on looking around saw the General on a powerful horse just behind me and hastily stepped aside to let him pass. This command soon left and the winter in town passed without special incidents, though foraging parties scoured the country taking food for their horses from the farmers. There had been frequent reports that the rebels were coming, but as they had proved false we ceased to pay much attention to them, until one morning in March, 1863, just at daylight my mother-in-law called to me that the rebels were coming sure. I replied "Let them come. I am too sick to get up," and made no move. Soon my mother-in-law came again, her daughter took Charley and dressed him, they took the bedding from the bed and made a pallet in the cellar of the large house in the same yard, and with some help I went to the cellar and lay on the pallet there with Charley. Our servants and the family who occupied the house and their servants all came to the cellar, making some fifteen people in all.

Uncle Ben Davis, brother of the man of the house, not being mentally strong, was thought to be safe from molestation by either party, and was left to be what help he could to the family. He did not come to the cellar with the others. Several Federal officers had been boarding with the family and could be seen passing in the yard, and as this house was very similar to the one across the street used for headquarters the rebels took this for headquarters and trained their cannon on it. Not much time was spent in preparation and the firing soon began, though the soldiers were still in bed when the first alarm was given.

Very soon after the first shots were fired a shell hit the jamb of the basement door, splintered it, knocked bricks from the chimney, broke a large kettle containing lye standing on the hearth, and rolled out of sight. A call was heard from the room above and when the door was opened an apparently dying man was helped down into the cellar. It proved to be Uncle Ben Davis, who had stayed in the house, and when the rebels came in had done his best to keep them out and to get them to go out after they were in, and when he took hold of one of them, trying to tell him of the danger to the women and children below, the man shot him. He was able to tell this when he reached us. He lingered a day or two before he died. Meantime another call for help came from the outside and a wounded Federal soldier was taken in. The fight lasted little more than an hour, when the rebels retreated, leaving their dead on the ground, although no wounded were left. Nine men dressed in Confederate grey were picked up in the yard and given decent burial in the cemetery. We never knew what the Federal losses were. The wounded man brought to the basement recovered.

When my bedding was taken up, the shell, which failed to explode, rolled from it, and on examining my room in the cottage we found that two bullets had passed through the mattress where Charley and I had been lying, the window and chamber set were broken and several bullets had passed through the walls. In the large house many window lights were broken and two cannon balls besides numerous bullets had left their marks.

Not long after this the post was abandoned and the regiment returned to Springfield, Mo. We left the little cottage and returned to the house we had vacated for the colonel and his family.

After the retreat of the soldiers there was comparative quiet for several weeks, and many Southern soldiers came to visit their families, my husband among the number. He came expecting to take me south with him but my health was such that it was impossible for me to travel far and he did not remain many days, but returned to his command feeling that he was safe there, and we too felt that we were better off with no men about the place, as parties of scouts were liable to dash in at any moment.

A few days after my husband had returned to his command a party came from Springfield who brought a letter to me from Mrs. Kimbrough saying it was reported there that her husband and mine had been most brutally murdered in the Indian Territory. The ladies of the family learned the contents of this letter before it was brought to me, and were troubled lest the news be very dangerous to me. But finally, as my husband had been home so short a time before, it was thought certain this was a case of mistaken identity, and after carefully breaking the news to me they gave me the letter as an answer was expected. I wrote Mrs. Kimbrough that my husband could not have been in the Nation and the men

killed were probably bringing letters from our husbands and the names had been learned in that way. It was not uncommon for letters to be captured from parties trying to bring them from the Southern soldiers to their wives, indeed I learned from Federal officers that my husband had been made quartermaster for his regiment before I learned it from him.

On July 26th, 1863, a second son was born to me, and as at this time frequent scouts were liable to dart in at any time, the physicians were afraid to stay in the town, and it was exceedingly fortunate for me that our family physician happened to be at home at that time. He remained two or three days after the baby's birth, then the town was left without a doctor as before. I did not recover very rapidly and when the baby was three weeks old I had a relapse and was so low that when I fainted I remained unconscious so long that I was thought to be dead. A woman who had come in offered to go into the town where she knew there were some boys from the camp ten miles away, and get some of them to go to camp and bring a doctor.

While she was talking someone brought up a young man and said, "Mrs. Stone, this is a doctor," and she very gladly brought him to me. I had recovered consciousness before they came and when I saw the doctor he looked so young and boyish that when he prescribed cayenne pepper, and my mother-in-law brought a heaping teaspoonful for me to take with a glass of water to wash it down, I declined to take it, saying I was better and did not need it. But my mother-in-law begged me to take it and the doctor said he knew it was all right for when a student he had seen his brother give just such a dose to a woman in a similar condition, so I opened my mouth, she put the pepper on my tongue and I immediately closed my lips. She afterwards brought some sweet cream and put a little in my mouth and I did not feel the least burning sensation from the pepper. The doctor from the camp came that night and staid the next day and night and was then escorted back to camp.

Some ten days later a scout from Springfield came in and finding rebels in the town, they formed in line of battle across our garden and prepared to defend themselves in case they were attacked. As in case of a fight those in the house would be in great danger, I was taken from my bed, put into a large rocking chair and dragged through two rooms and in some way got onto a pallet in the cellar. The rebels made no attack, and the scouts did not prolong their stay but returned to Springfield without doing any damage at this time, but were back again before I was able to be around the house. This time they met with no opposition and spent the day in town.

As supplies were very hard to get and we had a few pounds of coffee, which was concealed in my bed, as well as what money we had in the house, and the men had buried our gold before going to the army, we had but little in the house. The two colored children, 10 and 12 years old, came in from the kitchen and hid under the bed. My mother-in-law and her daughter, two very outspoken rebels, were admonished to keep themselves in the background and let me do the talking. When the soldiers came in they were astonished to find a woman in bed, one whose appearance showed very plainly that it was no feigned sickness she was suffering from, and they were comparatively quiet.

We had some sugar in the house which had been brought from Ft. Smith since the post was abandoned, and a family to whom I had sold some sugar informed the soldiers that we had it, and asked that some be given to them. In consequence two men came in with a horse bucket and demanded the sugar. I directed my mother-in-law to show them the barrel, which was about half full, and they filled the bucket and took it to their informer.

There was one more raid before the post was again established in Fayetteville. This time I was able to be up, but had not been out much, but when the soldiers left they set fire to several vacant houses, and left the town about dark. We had retired for the night when we heard two horsemen ride through our yard and go on toward the next house. They were not gone long and returned the same way. Not long after I saw smoke and flames issuing from the stable across the street and as no one appeared to have noticed it I went across the street to wake the family. A colored man, an old family servant, was with them and he, with the help of the women, broke down the fence between the stable and house and saved the other buildings.

About Dec. 1, 1863, the post was again established here to be maintained till the end of the war.

The colonel returned with the Arkansas regiment and notified me that he wanted my house for headquarters again. I replied that I would cheerfully leave the house but would expect him as commander of the post to see that I had another comfortable house in a desirable part of the town, where I would not be disturbed and that no other family be allowed to move in with me. He with some of his staff consulted, and it was decided that some of the officers board with us and he would locate the headquarters elsewhere.

This arrangement proved satisfactory as the officers boarding in the house would prevent camp followers from forcing themselves in with us. The winter passed pleasantly; Miss Yeater and a lady boarder, a sister of one of the men, played cards with the men who boarded with us, and, as they had been very good friends the winter before, the friendship ripened into a warmer affection and she was married to Captain E. B. Harrison, this Northern officer, before the war was ended, and our lady boarder had married some months before Miss Yeater.

Coal oil was just beginning to be used in Missouri at the beginning of the war, and there was none in Arkansas, candles being their only dependence for lights. The army issued candles to the soldiers with their rations, but the citizens had to depend on themselves, and, as all trade between the North and South was now suspended, candle wick gave out and the ladies were compelled to card the cotton from the bolls, using hand cards, then spin it on a large wheel, for their candle wicks which were drawn into molds and the molds filled with melted tallow.

My mother-in-law who in her girlhood had carded, spun and wove cotton into cloth to clothe the colored servants, undertook to card the cotton for our candle wicks if I could spin it, and, as when a child my grandmother had offered to give me all the yarn I would spin, and I had accepted the offer and had spun enough to knit a pair of stockings, I felt sure that I could spin candle wick and began the experiment. So we together made the candles that we used that winter.

Before Mr. Yeater and his brother joined the army they buried their gold. Mr. Yeater left for my use as much as he thought I could wear in a belt, but I soon found the weight of this money was more than I could bear and leaving out two hundred dollars, which I continued to wear, I buried the remainder, using instead of a spade an old bayonet and a butcher knife. When the post was first established in Fayetteville the hillside where our gold was buried was selected for a camping place for the army. They cut down the underbrush and pitched their tents there, and one mess set up their tents directly over the place where I had buried my money at the root of a large tree. So when they had camped over it one winter without discovering it, I thought it as safe there as anywhere and left it for them to camp over another winter, which they did.

My husband's relatives, his mother's brother and a sister lived in Calloway county, Mo., and when communications could be had between Missouri and Arkansas, they had invited her and her daughter to come and live with them as long as her sons should be in the army, and she had decided to go to them whenever an opportunity should occur, and my husband had been very anxious that I should cross the Federal lines and come to him. As a detail from the post was expected soon to go to Ft. Smith, I packed my trunk ready to go with it. When the party started I had my trunk taken in the baggage wagon and I and my children were to go with a smaller party that would overtake them before they crossed the mountains. At the last moment however the lieutenant-colonel who who was to command the squad, and perhaps had heard nothing of my intentions, said he did not want women and children along with him, and since I had no desire to force myself into a place where I knew I was not wanted I decided not to go, although I had a permit from the colonel who commanded the post. I agreed with the colonel in theory as to women traveling with the soldiers, but was bitterly disappointed by being obliged to forego my intention of going to my husband.

Just about this time Mr. Lane, a sutler in Fayetteville, sent two empty wagons to Sedalia for goods with which to replenish his stock, and here was an opportunity for Mrs. Yeater and her daughter to go to their relatives in North Missouri. My mother-in-law disliked so much to go away and leave her money behind that her daughter, who was then engaged to one of our boarders, Captain E. B. Harrison, a Northern officer, revealed the secret of their treasure to him, and he with his brother-in-law went in the night and took it up for them, and they packed it with their clothing and took it with them, and when they got to Mrs. Yeater's brother's, where they stopped, he took the money to his tobacco barn at night, removed the tobacco stalks and buried it, replacing the tobacco so as to leave no marks of its having been disturbed.

Since my mother-in-law and daughter were now leaving Fayetteville and we had sold our household goods, there seemed to be nothing left for me to do but to go with them. My trunk had gone to Fort Smith in the army wagon, and most of my own and my children's clothing were in it, and it was uncertain when it would be returned, although my expected brother-in-law promised he would have it returned and sent to me by the next train that came north. I therefore went to Sedalia in company with my mother-in-law and her daughter in the sutler's empty wagons. We furnished our own bedding and provisions and put up at night wherever we could find an empty room. One night after we passed

Springfield we found a place where they could give us supper and breakfast and two rooms. The women occupied one room and the other was given to the men who were traveling in the company. Mr. Chapin, a crippled man who had been with us most of the time during the war, was one of the number, and in the night he was taken very sick with crampcolic, and we were compelled to have him brought into our room where we might do what we could for him. When it was necessary to look for medicine for him no light was to be found. We therefore waked the family, which after considerable searching found a small piece of candle, and by its feeble light we found what medicine we had and gave it to the man. Here now was a dilemma. Mr. Chapin was so lame that he could not be expected to belong to either army and he had stayed where he could be of the most use to us, and it would not do to desert him now that he was sick, and Mr. Lane could not be expected to stop his teams to wait for us. However by morning Mr. Chapin was so much better that he said if we could fix a comfortable place where he could lie down in the wagon he could go on. We took him at his word, made a bed for him to lie on, and by the time we reached Sedalia he was comparatively well, and I was the sick one, having a severe cold and a bad cough.

The proprietor of the hotel in Sedalia where we stopped was an old acquaintance from Osceola, and after resting a day or two there Mr. Chapin accompanied Mrs. Yeater and her daughter to St. Aubert, where they left the cars, crossed the river on a ferryboat and took the stage for Fulton where they had relatives. He then returned to Sedalia, and as soon as I was well enough to travel he went with me to North Missouri where an old friend of my husband was living, and he had engaged board for me and my children with a family near him.

I with my children occupied a house in the yard, built for an aged relative, and we were very well fixed till my children, who had always been delicate, both got sick and I had all I could do to take care of them. I called a physician and he had made several visits before I could think of my own ailments while he was there. My cough contracted before I reached Sedalia had never left me and I had a very sore throat. When I mentioned this to the doctor he said I was worn out and needed building up, and prescribed good whiskey either in an eggnog or a toddy three times a day. He gave me a wash for my throat and said when it was well the cough would leave me. My landlady provided the stimulant and sent it to me regularly three times a day. We all improved under the doctor's care, but when I asked for his bill he refused to take anything, although he had come three miles to visit me.

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It had now been nearly three months since I had sent my trunk South and I had heard nothing from it, though I had made frequent inquiries, and I now felt it to be imperative on me to make strenuous efforts to find it. I therefore went to Fulton with my mother-in-law and left my babe, now nearly a year old, with his grandmother while I went in search of my trunk. I took the stage at Fulton and went to St. Aubert then by rail to Sedalia. I stopped to inquire for my trunk before going to the hotel. The clerk pointed to a counter and said look under there, and there was my trunk. How long it had been there I did not learn. I was then ready to return, but there would be no train till the next morning and I tried to be contented to wait, feeling I had been fortunate to find it so soon, as I thought it probable I would have to go farther.

Next morning I started on my return trip and reached Fulton about an hour before sunset. I had inquired of the driver about getting someone to take me into the country four miles to where I had left my babe. He said he knew a man he thought would go, and this man was easily found, but he did not like the idea of starting so late in the evening, and asked me to stay at his house that night and he would take me in the morning. Not realizing how soon darkness would fall, I insisted on going that night, saying that I had left a nursing baby who was a delicate child and it was very important that I get back to him, and the man, persuaded against his judgment, consented to go. Some time had been lost while we debated the matter and it was almost sunset when we left Fulton, and as there was no moon that night it soon got quite dark.

If the road had been good we could have covered the distance in little more than an hour, but the man drove slowly and when the darkness got so dense that I could not see the horse or even my companion by my side I repented having started and frankly said as much, saying I had not realized how long it would take to make the trip or I would have waited till morning. We reached the place not much after 9 o'clock but found the house in utter darkness, the family having retired. After calling more than once we were answered with a great deal of caution, and I had to explain who I was before they would show a light or let us in. They had not thought it possible for me to get back so soon, but when they were convinced that we were all right they opened the house and insisted that the man put up his horse and stay till morning, saying it was so dark it was hardly safe to go. As he had just been over the road he thought he could return in safety. I found my babe very well, as a colored woman who had a babe about the same age, had furnished him nourishment.

I remained here for a short visit then went to the uncle's who had sent me an invitation to come to his house, and as quite a number of my husband's relatives lived in that vicinity I spent a very pleasant summer. These people were hospitable and invited me to their homes, apparently forgetting that I was a Northern woman and not a blood relative.

Since my servants had become free by the President's proclamation they were anxious to go to Kansas and had secured the privilege of going to Sedalia in a Government wagon, and they would have left us in Fayetteville had the wagon gone before we did. But as our opportunity came first, we left them in our house with provisions sufficient to last till the wagon they were to ride in was ready to go. They went to Sedalia where the Government issued rations to them for a short time, and then sent them to Kansas.

While in Callaway county I heard of a woman near by, Mrs. Firebau, who had an only son, not strong mentally, who had been sent to Texas for safety, and the mother having become very anxious about her son wanted to go to Texas to visit him. As my husband was very desirous that I should come and I equally anxious to go, I made an arrangement with this woman to accompany her on her journey to Texas, an account of which follows, written for my granddaughter, Christine Yeater, now 15 years old.

Continuation of
CIVIL WAR EXPERIENCES OF SARAH ELLIS YEATER

ADVENTURES ON MY TRIP TO TEXAS IN THE FALL OF 1864

(Editor's note: Mrs. Yeater had a rough trip to Sedalia, and had to spend three days in Springfield because of the excitement over Price's raid. After the position of Price's men had been ascertained, the stagecoach was dispatched to a large house about on the line between Missouri and Arkansas, near where Cassville had been, but now marked by the chimneys left standing where the house had been. Mrs. Yeater walked four miles to a house where a woman told her that

"A girl living there had an ox team and wagon, and if I could get my children and trunks there this girl would take me on. The girl with the ox wagon came in good time the next morning... We reached Bentonville a little past noon, and the girl immediately left on her return trip... We found a lady in Bentonville who agreed to give us shelter for a day or two and I began to make inquiries as to ways and means of going farther on, as I was told the country was infested with bushwhackers and no stranger was safe... I was questioned about my business in Fayetteville. I replied my husband had been a merchant there and it was my home... Miss Colwell said she would come for us next day and take us to her house, and as soon as possible would help us on toward Fayetteville.

"We stayed there one night unmolested. About 3 P.M. six men rode up and pushing by Miss Colwell entered the house and began to question me, and I in turn produced my notebook and took down their names and where they said they belonged. They left apparently satisfied but I noticed that the ladies of the house were very nervous the rest of the evening. However, we had supper and were sitting quietly around the fire, when suddenly the dog was shot on the outside and five men rushed into the room. One stood in front of me holding his pistol pointed at me not two feet away, while the other four seized my trunks and left the house... The man who had stood guard over me left last. I had never been really afraid of the men in either party before. After these men had left it occurred to me that nothing had been said about money, but that they would surely think that a woman traveling with those clothes must have money and they would return for it.

"I was really terrified at the thought of meeting those men again and asked Mrs. Colwell if there was no place where she could hide me from them, but she, knowing their practices, said if they should return and find me gone they would tear up the place and perhaps burn the house, that it would be better to meet them face to face. Then I decided to hide my money, so I took off my belt from my person and Mrs. Colwell removed a string of red peppers from the wall where they were hanging, knocked off a piece of board and put my belt of money between the ends of the logs, put the piece of board back in its place and hung the peppers up again. The belt remained there three weeks after this... Meanwhile, a part of Price's army went through this neighborhood. I made frequent inquiries for my husband, thinking he might be near...

...

"While I was still at Mrs. Colwell's a loud knocking was heard at the door, and on opening it Mrs. Colwell was confronted by several men who began questioning her about where her husband was, and she began to answer truthfully, which I saw would soon get her into trouble, so I came to the front, and when one of the men said what a lot of women, I replied, "I would not be here if I could get away. The bushwhackers have robbed me of all my own and children's clothing and I am staying here trying to get some of it back, and will resume my journey to Fayetteville as soon as I can find any way to get there." Mrs. Firebau caught the idea and brought forward my valise, which I had bought from Marshall Harrison, and was marked with his name and "3rd Ark Cavalry." This was considered sufficient proof of my loyalty, and we were left unmolested, although they had hanged a man two miles away, and one of these men boasted that he had on the man's shoes then, and showed his foot with the home-tanned leather shoe on it.

"...Not long after this I found a man who sometimes went to Fayetteville for supplies for the neighborhood, and he consented to take us, and we reached there without further adventures. I immediately applied to Colonel Harrison, commander of the post, for assistance on my way South. I also found some prominent Masons who initiated me into two degrees of the order and showed me how to mark a handkerchief with a Mason's symbol that any prominent Mason would recognize at sight. These men also assisted me in getting horses and a hack in which we traveled from Fayetteville, Arkansas to Clarksville, Texas.

"...I had obtained a permit for our party to pass the Federal lines. Our party now consisted of myself and children, and Mrs. Firebau and Miss Colwell, at whose mother's house I had staid shortly before, was riding a broken-down horse and was going to Texas to visit her brother. Mrs. Sutton of Fayetteville, and Mrs. Yell with a son nine years old joined us here, all going on horseback."

(Left Fort Smith Dec. 5, camped out Dec. 6, 7, 8. Night of Dec. 9 in a deserted Indian cabin, where dry leaves on ground caught fire and threatened the cabin. "Archie Yell came and helped us to clear a space around the cabin from leaves, and the wind blowing from it, it did not take fire." They had been subsisting on the horses' corn rations, but on the 10th they saw a cow and calf. They penned the cow in with some fence rails and Miss Colwell with a pocketknife killed the calf. They smoked the meat and ate it without salt. Dec. 11 they ran into some unfriendly Indians and on Dec. 12 a single Indian on horseback made his appearance.) "Miss Colwell's horse had lain down with his saddle on and could not get up. The Indian tried to get him up but said he was dying. I said to Miss Colwell that she give the saddle to the Indian, which he evidently understood, but she did not like to part with it. I tried to buy his horse from him but he said he could not get home without it. He said if I would go with him about six miles he would let me have another horse for $200 and would give me bread and corn... He told us where to turn off the road and we would find a house three miles farther on where we could stop for the night..."

(Dec. 13 - Directed to a large house where there had been an Indian school.) "Reached the place after dark but the Indian women put cold meat and bread on a large table in the middle of the room for us... We were no sooner seated by the fire than eight or ten Indian boys from 12 to 20 years of age, who were in the room, went to the table and took every morsel of food from it and ate it themselves.

"Dec. 14. From here we were directed to what had been a missionary station for the Indians, and was now used as a post for the Confederate army, where provisions and forage were collected and stored. We remained here two nights and a day, Dec. 15 and 16, and on Dec. 17 an army wagon loaded with provisions for the Confederate army started for the next post, and Mrs. Yell and son, Mrs. Sutton and Miss Colwell took seats in the wagon, while Mrs. Firebau, myself and children followed in our own conveyance..." (They stayed all night at the house of an Indian named Jones, who was quite wealthy and had married a Northern woman who had been teaching in an Indian school.) "They had a nice house, well furnished, had a grand piano and brussels carpets, and the ladies were cordially received, but we did not see them again."

(Ran into the Kiamichi river bottom, at night, but managed to make some men across the river hear them and come over and guide them to the ford... Came to an army camp on Dec. 18 where the Provost Marshal refused to furnish corn to refugees... Mrs. Yeater dressed up her baby using the Masonic handkerchief for a shawl, and went to headquarters and asked for the commander of the post. When he came he began to upbraid the refugees for coming South and expecting the army to provide for them. When he saw the Masonic emblem on the baby he changed his tune and ordered his adjutant to issue two dozen ears of corn to Mrs. Yeater and have it put in her hack.)

"Dec. 19. A light snow fell but we could not stop and were anxious to reach Clarksville that day. We arrived and went to a hotel and called for a room. Several people who knew Mr. Yeater were stopping there, among them Col. Burgis' family and Mrs. Burgis vouched for us. A man who belonged to the same regiment with my husband said he was going to the command next day and would take a letter to him which he did, and two days afterward Mr. Yeater was with us.

"Dec. 21. My husband soon found a comfortable boarding place for us in the country three miles from Clarksville and took us there within a week. He sold the hack and horses but said he regretted the loss of the halter as it was probably worth more than the horse.

"Mr. Yeater had felt so confident of finding us and taking us back with him that when he started on the raid known as Price's raid, he took an army ambulance with him and took it all the way around on the retreat, using it to take along the sick men. While riding in an army ambulance would have been a much easier way of traveling than the way we came, still, since the army ran so short of provisions that they ate tallow soup, that is beef suet boiledin water, our parched corn was not so bad in comparison. Mrs. Firebau soon found means to go to her son and the other ladies had gone on before we reached Clarksville and I heard nothing from them till I returned to Missouri."

- wchs -

(The second part of Mrs. Yeater's account is headed "A Winter Spent in Texas and Our Return to Missouri." The family lived in Texas from December 1864, until March 1865. The return trip to Missouri was made by steamboat. They reached Fulton, Missouri on the last of June,1865. Since this chapter contains very little information about Washington County, Ark., we reprint only the account of Mr. Yeater's effort to recover the money they had buried in Fayetteville. These pages read as follows:

We rented a house in Fulton (Mo.) and remained there during the summer, and while we were there the sister who had married Captain E. B. Harrison, a Northern officer, came. The Northern army had disbanded and her husband had been detained in Fayetteville to complete some clerical work in regard to the mustering out of the soldiers in his command. She was traveling with her mother-in-law, who was returning to her home in Michigan, and they brought the money I had buried nearly three years before, but could not find the larger sum which Mr. Yeater had buried. During our stay in Fulton Mr. Yeater decided to go after the remainder of his money and taking Mr. Wood, an army companion, with him went as far as Springfield. They were discouraged about going farther on such an errand by the family of Colonel Davis, who were coming back to Missouri. They therefore turned back and traveled in company with this family for a day or two.

The second night after joining this family they were attacked by a band of bandits who took two of their best horses and left, commanding them to remain where they were till they were well out of sight. The same night after the bandits left Mrs. Stone gave birth to a daughter and this made the situation still more critical, as roving parties might overhaul them at any time and take still more of their property. A consultation was held the next morning to decide what the next move should be, but Mrs. Stone decided the matter by saying if the wagon was driven very carefully she would rather risk moving on than to stay there. So at ten o'clock they started and went 20 miles that day. They camped together that night and parted company next morning as their roads led in different directions.

Mr. Yeater, having found the country in the southern part of the State so unsettled, decided to leave his money where it was for the present.

In September 1865 we came to Sedalia and Mr. Yeater and his brother, J.K.Yeager, soon afterward opened a wholesale and retail grocery store under the firm name of J. K. Yeater & Co., the family living in Georgetown, the old county seat, three miles north of Sedalia. Here Ellis, who had never recovered from the exposure in the journey to Shreveport, died Sept. 21, 1865.

In the spring of 1866 Mr. Yeater went to Fayetteville again, determined to get his money this time. His sister and husband and several of the Northern men from Iowa, Illinois and Michigan, officers in the Arkansas regiments, had settled permanently in Fayetteville and were doing business there, so he now felt safe in searching for the money.

They searched diligently, even putting horses to a plow and going over most of the hillside. The place was so changed by the cutting down of the trees and the use of the place as a camping ground for the army for two years that, not having seen it since it had been a wooded hill, he could not definitely locate the exact place where he had buried it. His being there digging so long -- two days -- aroused curiosity and men stood around and asked many questions. Mr. Yeater had just told them that he had buried some of his treasures there during the war when his pick struck something solid and some gold pieces were revealed. Then it was necessary to pledge these bystanders to silence in regard to what they had seen until he could get away with the money.

He had as much as he could wear around his waist put in a belt which he wore, but he was compelled to leave one thousand dollars with his brother-in-law till a more convenient time. He traveled on his way home with some merchants who were going to St. Louis to buy goods, and when they reached the Osage river at Warsaw they found it bank-full and no ferryboat. After waiting one night Mr. Yeater, who was very nervous lest he be suspected of having money on account of his increased waist measure, in company with another restless man, hired a rig and drove some seven miles farther up the stream, where they crossed the river in a skiff and swam their horses. Mr. Yeater reached home the next day utterly prostrated by the hardships of his journey, which ended our travels in connection with the Civil War.

Sarah Janette Yeater (nee Ellis)

LETTERS FROM READERS

Enclosed my subscription to Flashback. Our family history is deeply ingrained in Washington County and we are currently doing a "Family History" on the Wood line. My grandfather was Andrew Smith Wood who taught school at Black Oak. If you have any additional information about the Wood family, we will gladly pay for back issues.

Mr. and Mrs. Rex L. Wood,
1515 Citrus ave., Chico, Calif. 95926

Enclosed is check for $15, for my membership dues and for my mother. She is Mrs. J.W.McKinney, 3004 Binyon, Fort Worth, Tex. We each want a copy of "Marriage Records for Washington County." For the remaining money, if you have anything concerning the Ballards of Washington Co., I'd be most happy to receive it. Mother and I enjoy our Flashback so very much - read them " front to back" each time.

Mrs. L. G. Ballard,
116 S. Houston St.,Granbury, Tex. 76048

Do you have in your files the name and address of anyone who is searching Cusick and Dobbs lines? Great-grandfather was Thomas Clay Cusick who married Sarah Dobbs in Dade Co., Mo., they located near the Washington-Crawford Co. line in Ark. Grandmother was Missouri Jane Cuzick who married Hezekiah Wilkerson Yancey. We will appreciate any assistance in this matter.

William D. Yancey,
1009 E. 134th St., Grandview, Mo.

Now I see why the rave about your excellent WCHS productions. Count me in. May I also send along a little coffee aid? You can't operate on an empty coffee can. Keep up your fine work and make old Washington County live.

R. S. Crawford, c/o Dittmar & Co.,
201 N.St.Mary's St., San Antonio, Tex.

Mrs. Amalie Ford Barger, 2525 Bellemeade Ave., Evansville, Ind., seeks information about her gr-grandfather, William Cage Grimsley who died 1888 at Boydesville, Ark and was buried at Liberty Hill cemetery. We have written Mrs.Barger that Washington County had neither a Boydesville nor a Liberty Hill cemetery.

SOME NOTES ON THE LEWIS FAMILY

The pictures on the accompanying pages of members of the pioneer Lewis family of the Middle Fork area were loaned to us by Mrs. Frances Woods, 1201 A rcadia, Austin, Texas. Mrs.Woods is editor and publisher of the Lewis-Mankins & Allied Families Exchange. She writes:

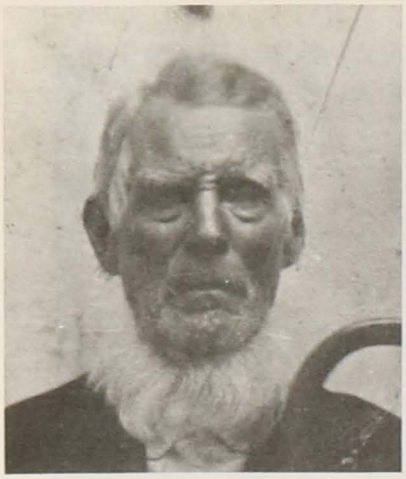
Dear Mr. Lemke:
The picture of the group of four is the only picture I have of my husband's great-grandmother, Emeline Ramey that married Zachariah Lewis, son of Bracken Lewis and Matilda (Preston). This Bracken Lewis was the son of Zachariah Lewis and Rachel (Bracken) -- that later married Peter Mankins Sr.

Emeline Ramey's father was James M. Ramey and her mother was Elizabeth Reed. The Rameys and Reeds came from Floyd County, Ky., in the same bunch with the Lewis and Mankins families. I have never straightened out this Ramey and Reed family because James was killed during the Civil War, in Washington County by bushwhackers. He was in the Confederate army and took "scurvy" and knew he was going to die, so he came home. His family hid him out and Emeline (oldest child) took food to him at night. Emeline told the story to her granddaughter (my mother in law). She said the bushwhackers came one day and daught her Daddy at the house. They took him off into the woods and when Emeline tried to follow her Daddy told her to go back to the house. They heard a shot and then the bushwhackers brought her Daddy's body back to the house. They cut the leather hinges that held the front door (which was a slab door) and laid her Daddy out on the door. After they left, Emeline helped her mother dig a grave and buried her Daddy there on the farm.

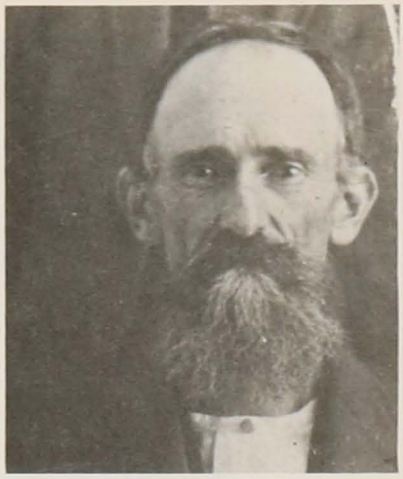
Emeline also told this war-time story. Before her Daddy left for the war he dug a pit under the floor of their cabin. In this pit they hid provisions wrapped in oil cloth. One day they were out of corn meal and her mother had to go to the mill to have some corn ground. There were five children, and Emeline was the oldest (about 15 or 16). Their mother put them in the pit under the floor with enough water and food to last them three days and started out on their only transportation, a mule. She carried two sacks of corn to the mill and when she had it ground she put the meal into pockets she had made in the skirts of her petticoats. In this way, if she was stopped by renegades or bushwhackers, they would now she was carrying the corn meal and take it.
It took her four days to go to the mill and back and the children stayed under the floor the whole time, except for about an hour after midnight when Emeline would take them out to stretch. Even then they did not dare go out of the house or light a lamp or make a sound, and it would take her over an hour to work the "throw rug" back over the trap door, with a small stick poked through the cracks in the floor.

And we think we have it rough sometimes!

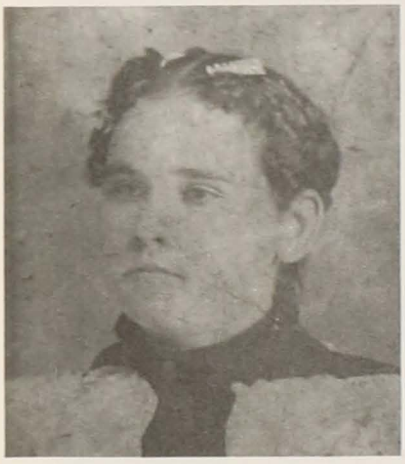
Sincerely, Frances Woods



Unidentified
Believed to be Bracken Lewis
or one of his sons.

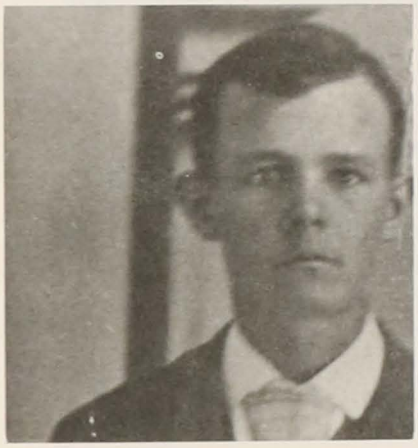


John Lewis,
son of Bracken and Matilda

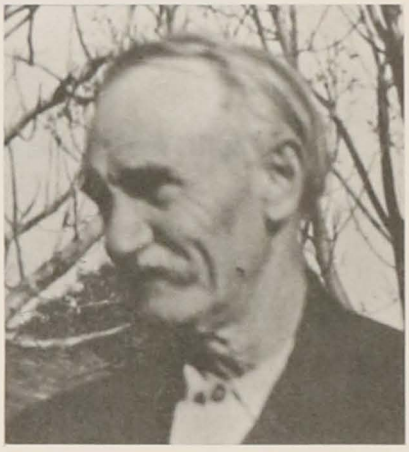


Annie Belle Lewis
daughter of Zacharliah & Enakube

Mary, wife of Eliphus Lewis,
who was son of Bracken and Matilda

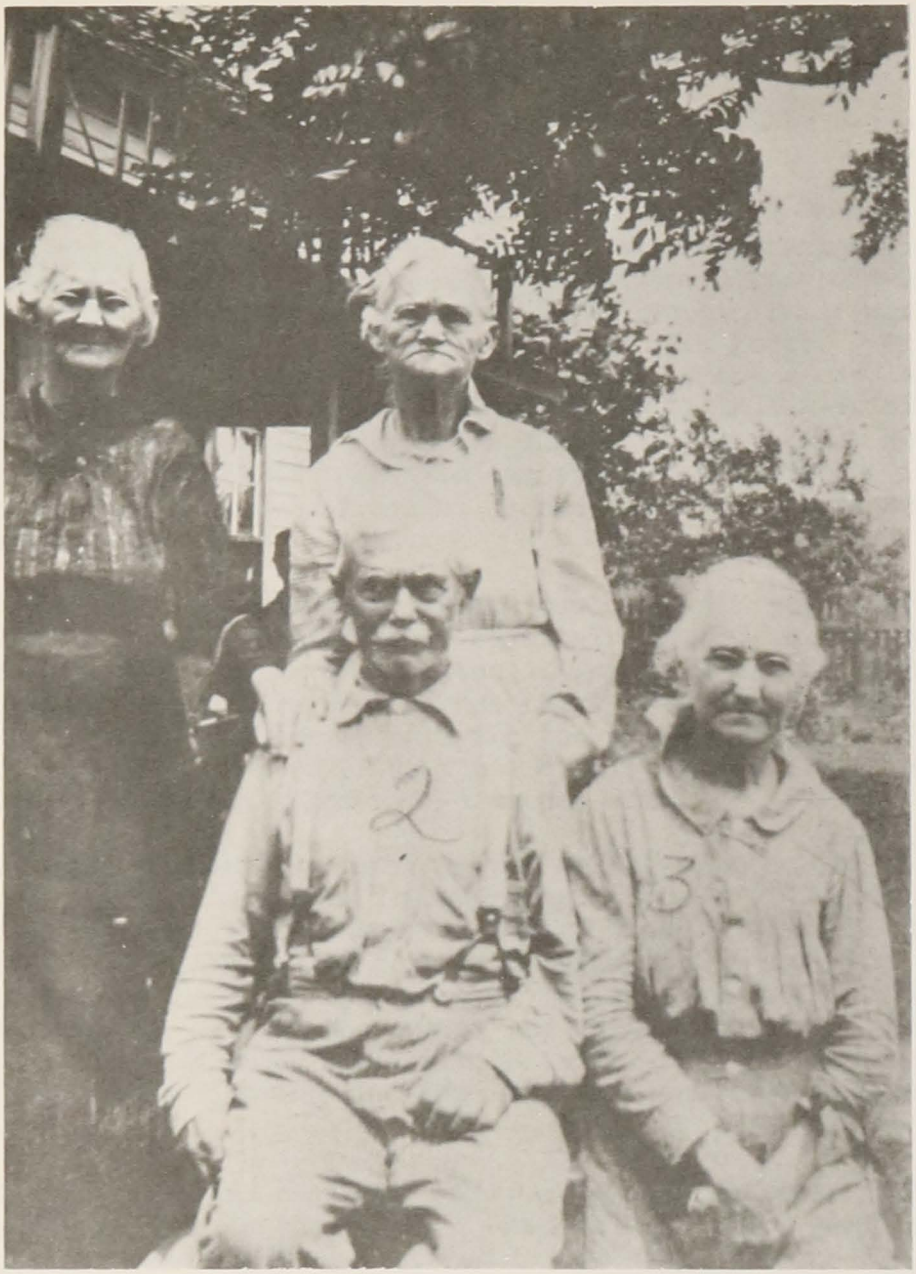


Tom Lewis, son of
John Lewis and first wife,
Almeda Ramey.



Eliphus Lewis, son
of Bracken and Matilda.

(Photos courtesy of Mrs. R. P. Woods, Austin, Texas)



1. EMALINE RAMEY married ZACK LEWIS, son of Bracken and Matilda
2. HENRY RAMEY
3. SARAH RAMEY FOGLE
4. PHOBE RAMEY WILSON

(Photo courtesy Mrs. R. P. Woods, Austin, Texas)

THE ANTE-BELLUM TILLEY HOUSE NEAR PRAIRIE GROVE

by Dr. H. E. Buchanan

The old Tilley house is five miles west of Prairie Grove. It was built by John Tilley about 1855. One way we can approximate the date is given here. The house is of brick which were burned one-half mile southwest of the building site across a small creek. Water was brought from the creek in barrels on a sled pulled by a horse. My wife's father was just big enough to ride the horse, which a man led up the hill to the kiln. Since her father, according to the family bible, was born in 1846 it follows that the brick must have been burned about 1854 or 1855. The brick kiln's location can still be detected by the small brick bats, small pieces of brick. Some years ago I went over there and picked up several.

The house is two stories high, with four rooms 20 feet square. There is a large hallway between the two downstairs rooms. In the hallway a stairway curves up to the upper rooms. The walls are 16 inches thick of solid brick downstairs and 9 inches thick upstairs, leaving 7 inches on which to rest the sleepers carrying the upstairs floors. The roof was made of shakes. A shake is a board split from a lot 2 feet long. It is about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick and 4 or 5 inches wide.

Sawed lumber was in very short supply at that time. The timber for the floors, doors and window frames is heart pine. It is rumored, but not verified, that this lumber was hauled from VanWinkle's mill somewhere east of Springdale. A carpenter began making the doors and window frames when the brick masons began building the walls. The doors were put together with wooden pegs; not a nail was used. The window sills were 4 inches thick and 14 inches wide. They are still there 110 years later. The flooring was tongued and grooved on the place but not planed.

The inside walls and ceilings were plastered. Wherever possible the plaster was applied to the brick. When lathing was needed, as in the ceilings and some inside walls, small oak saplings were cut, in the nearby woods, in lengths of $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet, split in halves and nailed to the ceilings and walls to hold the plaster. This plastering was made of lime and sand held together with hog-hair. The hair from the hogs killed for meat was probably saved for several years for this purpose. The surface of the plastering was smoothed and given what was called an egg shell finish. It is still in good condition except in a few places. I repaired it when I moved here from Tulane University in 1950.

The only heat was from wood-burning fireplaces. There were two of these downstairs and two upstairs. The floors were covered with wall-to-wall carpets. These were probably rag carpets woven on the farm. When we came here the floors were rough and unplaned. We sanded and finished them and they made beautiful floors after having been used for 100 years.

For six or seven years after the house was finished all was peaceful and happy. New furniture was brought from Springfield, Mo. We still have a few pieces of this furniture. Then the Civil War began. The oldest son, named John for his father, joined the Southern army. He was killed in the battle of Pea Ridge. He wore a new suit woven and made on the farm. When news of the battle came, John Tilley, Sr. took a piece of the cloth from which the suit was made and with it he expected to be able to find his son's body. He was never able to find it. Many of the bodies of the dead were stripped of clothes, including boots, but he could not find his son among them.

The Northern army moved into Northwest Arkansas and camped about three miles north of the farm where there was plenty of wood and water. The men of the family, John and his son Jo, were continually harassed by bushwhackers and roaming soldiers. All the live stock was taken. In an effort to save some of the stock, a corral was built against the bluff a mile west on Moore's Creek and part of the stock placed in it. This was soon found and all live stock taken.

The Federal commander, General Blunt, told the Tilleys that if several families could get together at the Tilley house he could protect them better. Capt. J. P. Carnahan's family of three came and stayed during the remainder of the war. Mrs. Pyeatte, who had three sons in the Southern army, came also. Mrs. Carnahan was a sister of Mrs. Tilley. Altogether there were nine children here at that time. One of Captain Carnahan's children was born here. A negro girl, Marta, took care of them. The soldiers teased Marta, telling her they were going to take her down to Camp and shoot her. She screamed and ran away but came back when they left. The soldiers took a fancy to one of Captain Carnahan's little daughters. They took her down to Camp several times and taught her to swear. Her mother had a hard time breaking her of the habit.

John Tilley and his son Jo had to leave. Since they were of military age they would likely be interned for the duration of the war. So they took two of the remaining horses and went to Texas and were there till the war ended. John Tilley died in Texas in February 1865.

After the battle of Pea Ridge, when it became evident that the Federal troops would soon control the country, all the carpets were taken up. A hole was cut in the roof in such a way that it could be replaced and turn water and could not be seen from the yard. It was on the west end and south side near the chimney. The carpets were put through the hole and spread out on and over the joists. Then their wheat crop was carried up a sack at a time and poured down on the carpets. This was done at night so that nobody knew of it except Mrs. Tilley, her sister, and a negro servant.

The brick house was built with its southwest corner at the northeast corner of the original log house. This was connected with the brick house by a covered porch and was a story and a half high. One could climb a sycamore tree and get on its roof and thence to the roof of the brick house to the hole in the roof.

The Tilley-Buchanan Home west of Prairie Grove
(See article in this issue by Dr. H. E. Buchanan)

The Patton House in the Zion community.
(See article in this issue by Caroline Clark)

There is no opening to the attic from the upstairs rooms. The only access to the wheat was through the hole in the roof. On dark and perhaps cloudy nights the trusted old negro would get two sacks of wheat out through the roof, load them on a mule and ride two miles to Rhea's Mill. Then if the way was clear he built a fire under the boilers and ground the wheat. Thus the Tilleys had wheat bread. The Federal troops and bushwhackers came many times looking for the wheat but they never found it.

From Mrs. Maurice Cruse, Captain Carnahan's granddaughter, I have the following story: One day two Federal soldiers came to the house, took possession of it, went upstairs and went to bed with their muddy boots on. They chewed tobacco and spit on the walls till the spittle ran down to the floor. Mrs. Tilley got on a horse and rode to the Camp to see the General. He came back with her. He is said to have been dressed in his best uniform and had his sword. He turned the flat side of his sword out and clubbed the two soldiers out of bed and kicked them downstairs and out of the house. He promised that it would never happen again.

After John Tilley died his son Jo set about to find a way back home. Somehow he got a small sorrel pony and rode her home when the war was over. How he got anything to eat I do not know. The pony was all he had when he got home. All the way back he was wondering how he could possibly make anything for the family to eat. On his arrival at home, he found a new baby brother he had never seen. They named him John, so that there were two children of John Tilley, Sr. named John.

Times were pretty hard that summer and the next winter but somehow Jo Tilley got in a small crop with the sorrel pony and an ox which had survived the war. There were wild hogs and deer to be had in plenty but bread must have been pretty scarce.

One final detail needs to be noted. Just before the battle of Prairie Grove, Dec. 7, 1862, Blunt's Federal army was at Cane Hill waiting for the Confederate army to come up from the south. General Hindman made a feint at Cane Hill but bypassed it and marched to Prairie Grove. It took Blunt nearly all day to return to his camp and come in to the Prairie Grove area from the northwest. He passed by the Tilley house on his way from Cane Hill back to his permanent camp. The eight children watched his wagons roll by.

Blunt reached the battle late in the afternoon and attacked on the extreme western part of the battle line. My father's company under the command of Capt. F. R. Earle was there. During the battle a bullet went through the back part of Captain Earle's cap. He turned to his lieutenant and said "Bill, look at the back of my head and see if I am seriously hurt." Bill said, "No, Captain, just a little hair and skin gone but if it had been an inch closer it would have killed you." "Humpf!" said Captain Earle, "If it had been an inch the other way it wouldn't have touched me."

THE OLD PATTON HOME

by Caroline and Howard Clark

Among the old Washington County homes which have been torn down in recent years to make room for up-to-date buildings, few could surpass in colorful history the old Patton place, southeast of Springdale, in the Zion community.

This 19-room, red brick mansion was built soon after the Civil War by William Jesse Patton. As is the case with most once-handsome homes which outlast their era, the Patton place became something of a living legend. A few of the older citizens now living in the community were neighbors of the Patton family when the house and farm teemed with life and industry. Many of the younger ones recall childhood prowls through the deserted house in search of the hidden rooms and secret passages which were said to lie somewhere within its vast and gloomy interior.

If such hideaways were never found, at least there was a well-concealed closet beneath the main stairway from which a small boy could jump to scare the wits out of a fellow-adventurer. The third-floor tower, too, was a fascinating spot for those who weren't afraid of their own echoing footsteps, for old settlers said that Judge Patton used to sit in those very windows and look off across his land with an eye cocked for workers who were loafing on the job.

The fact is that although the house and farm were among the most imposing in northwest Arkansas, and even attracted admiring visitors from other states, they were never a part of the neighborhood, as we use the term in northwest Arkansas. True, Judge Patton was one of the home folks (he was born in Fayetteville in 1840 and educated in Fayetteville schools) but he joined the Union army at the outbreak of the war and, as an early history of the state puts it, "was detailed for scounting duty because of his knowledge of the country." The record shows that he served the cause for which he fought with gallantry and honor, but his return home where Southern sympathizers were in the majority was not an occasion for general rejoicing. The term "carpetbagger" was then somewhat loosely applied, and Judge Patton must have heard it whispered more than once as he passed his neighbors on the streets.

Nevertheless he laid out his 250-acre farm and planted a fine orchard, and with the help of hired hands brought in from the north, set about building his home. The bricks were made right on his own land, and the house was solidly constructed of the sturdiest materials. Each of the 19 rooms was provided with a fireplace, many of which boasted elaborately carved mantels.

In 1864 William Patton was elected to, in part, represent Washington County in the state legislature and served for a time as Speaker of the House. Later he was appointed a collector of internal revenue for the district of Arkansas. Still later, though retaining his northwest Arkansas farm, he served as county and probate judge for Pulaski County, and, according to the previously-quoted historian, "showed himself to be the best financier that county ever had."

"A bold, outspoken and fearless man," the author goes on to say, "his measures have met with general approval by his constituents." In his northwest Arkansas home, however, friends from the North were lavishly entertained but he and most of his neighbors never established cordial relations. It was said that his wife, the former Margaretta Batenfield, whom he married in Youngstown, Ohio, was of German noble ancestry.

Some of the postwar bitterness had abated by the time their two children, a son and a daughter, were grown. Still, the house was always set apart from the community by more than the driveway lined with stately trees; and if there were any secret passages, the spirits that might have crept through them would probably have remained aloof and alien.

A COLLECTOR'S ITEM

One of our long-time WCHS members -- Miss Daphne Dailey who is vice-president of the Bank of Virginia at Richmond -- has sent our Society the remainder of a souvenir issue of "first-day covers" published by the Bank on the occasion of the 61st and final reunion of the United Confederate Veterans at Norfolk, Va., May 30, 1951. The envelope bears the 3¢ gray Confederate stamp and is postmarked "Norfolk, Va., First Day of Issue." The envelope also bears the official cachet (Robert E. Lee and Confederate flags). Our Society is offering these covers for sale at $1 each, as long as our supply lasts. Collectors of first-day covers and descendants of Confederate soldiers will like to have one of these rare letters. Address our Secretary, WCHS, Box 237, Fayetteville, Ark.

FROM OUR READERS

Aaron Smith died in Illinois. His widow, Agnes Spauldin Smith moved to Washington Co., Ark. and lived with her son-in-law George Taylor, who had married Agnes, daughter of Rhoda Smith. Agnes made the last declaration for Aaron's pension on Oct. 11, 1843, in Washington Co. I would like to secure a copy of her will.

Mrs. Barbara N. Peacock,
607 S.Fulton, Salisbury, N.C. 28144

Would appreciate any information you may have concerning Locklins living in your county during apprx 1850 to 1900. So you have any record of a grist mill operated and/or owned by a Frank Locklin in the 1870s? Do you know of a Fort Griffin during this same time period?

D. R. Locklin,
57 Vandenberg Heights, Biloxi, Miss.

THE WAR EAGLE YEARS OF JOHN T. HUTCHENS

by M. H. Hudson, Carthage, Texas

Up here in the northeastern "panhandle" of Washington County, where War Eagle River flows southwesterly before turning to empty into White River, the once-rich bottom lands are covering rapidly (1966) with the waters of new Beaver Reservoir. A hundred years ago much of the upland here was vacant and could still be homesteaded. As late as 1882 John T. Hutchens filed for a homestead here, found the mountain wilderness slightly confusing (on paper, at least), built his house on the wrong property.

His difficulty is revealed in a letter written by J. B. Moore, "real estate agent and notary public", at Fayetteville, to Hon. A. C. Phillips of Harrison, Ark. and dated Mar. 29, 1883. Mr. Moore wrote:

"I wish to know from you how John T. Hutchens can change his homestead entry No. 7440. He made a mistake in the numbers of the land. His duplicate receipt calls for the SW 1/4... of Sect. 21... and his house is on the NE 1/4... He wants to change his homestead. Please let me know what steps to take how much it will cost him..."

The Hon. Mr. Phillips turned the letter over and wrote on the back: "Sir: if the party made a mistake in his land entry and wants to change it he will have to make affidavit, stating all the facts in the case... that he thought he was getting said land. ...and have his statement corroborated by two witnesses...and if it is found to be correct...Mr. Hutchens will be notified and then he can amend his original application. Be careful to cover all points in the case."

Since Mr. Hutchens had owned and cultivated a farm adjoining said land for the past 12 years and had spent most of his 45 years on and around these same mountains, the confusion was probably a matter of writing rather than a lack of acquaintance with the terrain.

His parents, James W. and Sarah (Paris) Hutchens, had moved here from Virginia by way of Illinois about 1843. John T. was the oldest child. Other children in the family were Elvira Matilda, Nancy, America, and Aquilla. The last two were born here on War Eagle.

All along the lower part of this tributary of White River--as far up as the village of War Eagle--lived the robust families of his father's sisters, Mrs. Samuel (Jane) Garvin, Mrs. George (Nancy) Garvin, Mrs. Elishua (Sarah) Johnson, Mrs. John (Rebecca) Spindle, all from Virginia likewise.

Here too lived relatives of John T. Hutchens' wife, Jane Quillin -- Gregg, Halbrook, Roberts, Macon, Johnson -- and his sisters' families named Jones, Sharpe, Leslie, Sims. Descendants of some of these still live here.

It was after his service in the Civil War that John T. Hutchens bought his first land on War Eagle. From his father-in-law, John Quillin, he arranged to buy 40 acres of the best War Eagle bottom land available. This particular plot of ground had attracted one of the earliest settlers to this area, it is said, and he homesteaded it. Later Shaderack Gibson traded a muzzle-loading rifle for it, cleared it, farmed it a few years, and sold it to John Quillin. Quillin then sold it to his son-in-law, as a bargain, for $20 an acre, a fabulous price for land here then. But John T. was pleased with it, placed his stamp on it, and it is still known as "The Old Hutchens Place."

John T. Hutchens did most of his growing up along the lower section of War Eagle. Even after his parents were gone, he stayed here alone, farming and hunting. Just before the Civil War began he married Jane Quillin. She was 16 and he was 23. In service in the war years he was a medical aide, and when he returned to the beaten hills his neighbors called on him to help in their illnesses and injuries. Some called him "Doctor", though he never sought the title. He was an "exhorter" -- a respected layman called on to exhort church listeners to mend their ways by pastors holding revivals.

As best he could, he helped in the brutal post-war years by ministering to the physical and emotional needs of his friends and neighbors in their poverty and wretchedness. Some of his ancestors in Virginia had been Quakers, and he had learned their gentle ways.

His return from war service had been typical. Forewarned that parties of "Yankee" avengers were hunting out and murdering returned Confederate soldiers, he travelled by night. Reaching the War Eagle, he hid in a grove of trees near his home.

That night he sent word to his young wife where to find him. She had come in from the fields too tired to eat, but when she learned her soldier-man was near, she flew to him. Until her death at almost 90 years of age, she remembered that reunion with tenderness and thankfulness.

For a time then, he and Jane lived at Elm Springs on one of her father's farms. But the War Eagle lured him back. Spring Valley, his post office, was by now a thriving village.

Near the close of the war his sister Elvira (Mrs. John Kanada Sharpe), had died and had left two small daughters, Sarah and Nancy. As they grew up, they looked to their uncle for help at times. In 1884 he was instrumental in settling the Virginia estate of his grandparents, George and Nancy (Hudson) Paris, and in delivering to his nieces their share of the money. On Nov. 28, 1884, he took the money to them and they signed a receipt headed "War Eagle Mills, Benton Co., Ark.", in which they stated they had received their share of the estate in full.

By now, however, John T. was ill. Friends advised him to leave the mountains to seek health in a lower climate. But this had almost always been his home and he didn't want to leave. He stayed another year. Growing steadily weaker, he finally sold his farms and headed for the coast. Over the Boston Mountains by wagon he and Jane went in the spring of '86, taking their six children with them. The oldest, Lee, was 19 and the youngest, Margaret, was just an infant.

Near Brentwood they paused to visit his father's cousin, Aquilla Hutchens, one of the early settlers of south-central Washington County. Down to the broad Arkansas River they came, pausing at Mulberry to visit other relatives. Jane's brother, Joseph Quillin, was a merchant here.

But John T. never reached the coast. He died at Mulberry, and the sorrowing family shipped his body back to the War Eagle by train and by wagon. They took him back to War Eagle River to bury him, because it had always been "home" to him.

IF YOU'RE INTERESTED IN FAMILY HISTORY

Helen Bullard Krechniak, Ozone, Tenn. 37842 has just published the history of "The Bullard Family" including Fisher, Pond, Jones, Rockwood, Corey, Richmond, Chamberlain, Hathaway, Newton, etc. The book is 8½ x 11, softbound, 88 pages and contains index. Price is $5.

June R. Welch, attorney, 524 Southland Center, Dallas, Tex. 75201, has published a family history: "The Ancestry of Ransom Frank Welch and Susan Curtis Welch. Contains data on 5,000 individuals, 80 photographs, bound in hard covers, and runs 320 pages with complete index. Price is $8 per copy.

Genealogy workers will be interested in the publication of "William White -- Mayflower Passenger." This is a reprint of a rare book that lists some 2345 White descendants with spouses and numbers town records pertaining to the White family. The hard-cover book costs $12.50 and may be ordered from Calvin D. Grover, Box 23, State College, Ark. 72467

Deane Porch, Route 2, River Road, Nashville, Tenn., 37209, has published the 1839-1841 Tax Record of Marshall Co., Tenn. Price is $5.

Some of our family historians will be interested in the genealogical helps published by Nancy Chappelear, 3130 Wisconsin Ave., N.W., Apr.13 Washington, D.C. 20016. Among her publications are the 1810 and 1820 Census Records of Hanover Co., Va.; Early Wills of Louisa Co., Va.; Marriage Bonds of early Fauquier Co., Va.; etc. Write her for list and prices.

Those of our members who are interested in genealogical records from western Kentucky should write to Kentucky Record, PO Box 542, Madisonville, Ky. and ask for a list of the records they have published. These records are tax lists, marriages, deeds, wills, church rolls, etc., from Hopkins, Webster, Muhlenberg, and other counties

POGUE - BLAIR

Through the courtesy of Miss Mary Gaither, who has been visiting in Woodlake, California, our Society has a copy of the souvenir booklet put out for the Centennial Observance of the First Presbyterian Church of Woodlake, California, March 19-20, 1966. Miss Gaither's father, the Rev. Isaac A. Gaither was pastor of the Woodlake Church from 1892 to 1895. The pictures on the accompanying page are from the souvenir booklet. Both the Rev. Gaither and Rev. Blair were early residents of Cane Hill, Washington County, Arkansas, before moving to California. Their names appear in the Session Minutes of the Cane Hill Church, which our Society has published. Jesse M. Blair was pastor at Cane Hill from 1828 to 1837. Gaither was pastor at Cane Hill from 1897 to 1901.

Miss Gaither also sent us the genealogy of the Thomas Blair and John Pogue families, in which many of our readers will be interested. The Pogue history was written by J. W. C. Pogue who married the oldest daughter of Jonathan Blair and Nancy Moffett Blair. They had a large family. Their oldest daughter wrote the "Memories of James W. Center Pogue and Nancy Melvina Blair Pogue." J. W. C. Pogue was the first one to raise lemons in the Valley of Antelope, California, and he founded the town of Lemon Cove. Now the valley is full of lemons, oranges and all kinds of fruit.

POGUE, by J. W. C. Pogue

My Grandfather, the elder brother of Joseph Pogue, settled on Lick Creek, Green Co., Tenn. He had five sons and four daughters:

1. Rev. Thomas Pogue (Methodist), died at Cane Hill, Ark. in 1856.
2. My Father, John Pogue, died in Green Co., Tenn., Aug. 31, 1839.
3. Farmer Pogue, who died in Newton Co., Mo. in 1850.
4. William Pogue, who died in Newton Co., Mo. in 1865.
5. Howell Pogue, moved to Arkansas and died about 1875.
6. Thena Pogue, married James Weems and died in Newton Co., Mo., 1858.
7. Nancy Pogue married Rev. Benjamin Williams, killed by horse, 1836.
8. Susan Pogue, Married a man by the name of Cromley and moved to Arkansas and died at Cane Hill, Ark. No date.

My Father, John Pogue, lived and died on his farm near Varter Station School, Greene Co., Tenn., about three miles from where my Grandfather settled. My Father built and owned at the time of his death what was known as the Pogue Mills. His Father was married three times and he was the only child by the last wife.

J. W. C. Pogue

FAMILY OF THOMAS BLAIR AND SARAH CARNAHAN BLAIR

1. William, called "Billy", never married, was in the War of 1812 and the Mexican War. Served under Fremont. Came to California in early day. Rev. Jonathan Blair hunted him up on his arrival in 1857. Billy lived with his brother until his death in 1862 when a tree fell on him and killed him.

2. John Carnahan Blair married Mary Holmes. He died Oct. 4, 1830 while serving in the legislature at Little Rock, Ark. He was buried before the family knew of his death. Mary "Polly" Blair came to California with son Calvin about 1863. Lived at Orange Cove, Tulare Co., buried at Lone Tree. John Blair's home in Arkansas was three miles from Cane Hill, Washington Co., and near Rev. Jesse's. Rev. Jesse Blair's home was the one that was later lived in by her daughter and her husband, A. B. C. West.

3. Andrew Blair, was burned to death in childhood.

4. Hugh or Stephen.

5. Elizabeth Blair, always spoken of as afflicted. She died at the home of her brother, Rev. Jesse M. Blair.

6. Jennie Blair, born about 1794, may have been the oldest child. She died Nov. 11, 1822. She married John Newton Aug. 11, 1813 in Tenn. He died Nov. 22, 1822. They had five children:

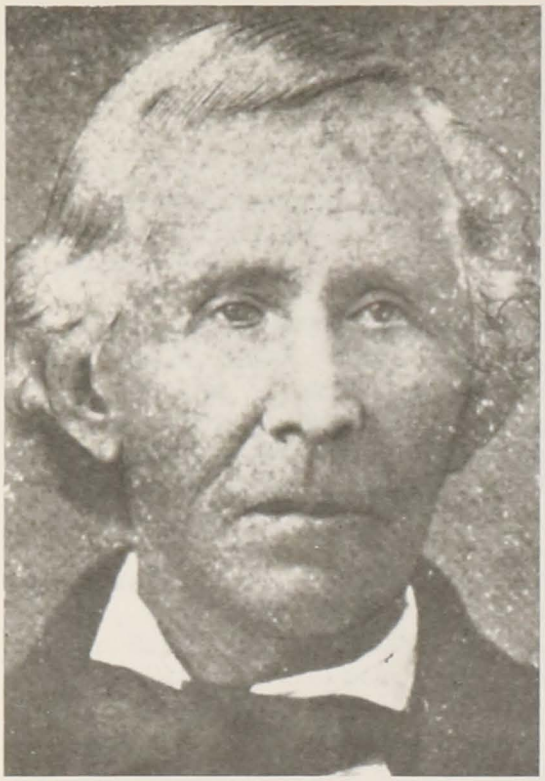
1. Elbert Newton, born July 13, 1814. Was first Sheriff of Newton Co., Mo. The county is named for him. Elbert was raised by Grandfather Thomas Blair, so was intimate with Rev. Jonathan Blair and corresponded with him until death.
2. Teletha Newton, born Nov. 20, 1815; married John Mankin Billingsley, son of Martha Blair Billingsley.
3. Chas. McGee Newton, born Jan. 20, 1818; died 1818.
4. Betsy Urzillia Newton, born Apr. 20, 1820; marr. Clayton.
5. Asa Richardson Newton, born June 23, 1822; married Polly Powers.

7. Jesse M. Blair, pioneer preacher; born July 23, 1800 in Tenn. Married Jane Buchanan Sept. 27, 1831. Murdered by bushwhackers Sept. 14, 1863. He was visiting his home when bushwhackers surprised him, hanged him to a tree in the orchard and shot him. Jane Buchanan was born Oct., 1805; died Apr. 22, 1874. Two children:

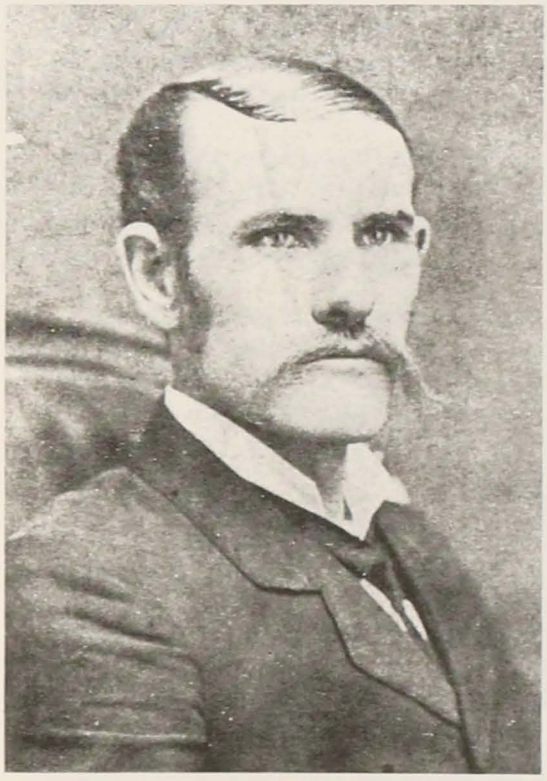
1. Jas. Buchanan Blair, born Nov. 2, 1832. Wounded at battle of Prairie Grove; died at Cane Hill 12/18/62.
2. Elizabeth Jane Blair, born Nov. 2, 1844; married A. G. C. West 1868.

8. Jane Blair, married Hall.

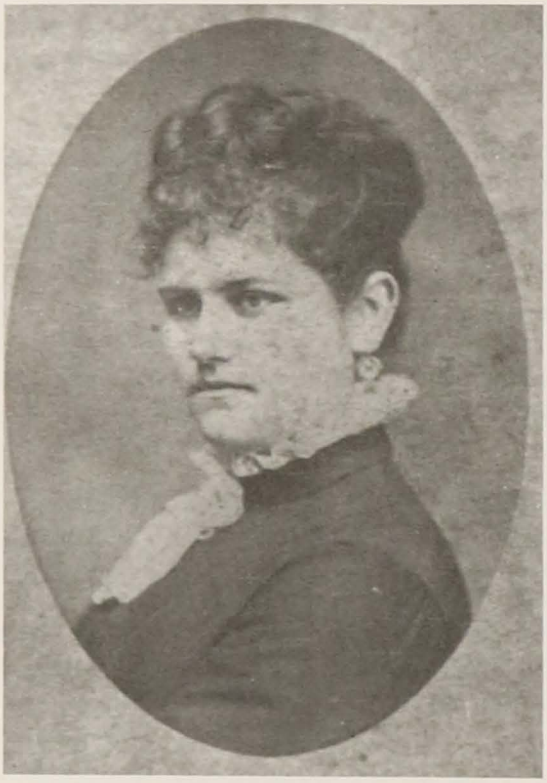
9. Jonathan Blair, youngest of nine children. Born March 22, 1805 at Murfreesboro, Tenn.; moved to Arkansas at age of nine (1814), so all brothers and sisters were born before the family moved to Ark. Jonathan moved to Mo. about 1834 and to Calif. in 1857. Died in Woodlake, Calif. June 15, 1885. His first wife was Melcina Ross, whom he married Oct. 26, 1834 in Greene Co., Mo. She was born in Rutherford Co., Va., May 1, 1817; died McDonald Co., Mo., March, 1841



At left is Jonathan Blair, whose brother, Rev. Jesse M. Bliar, was the first pastor of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church at Cane Hill (1828-1837). See Blair-Pogue article by Mary Gaither in this issue of Flashback.



Rev. I. A. Gaither
pastor at Cane Hill 1897-1901



Mrs. I. A. Gaither

(Photos courtesy of Mary Gaither, Woodlake, Calif.)

OLD CIRCUIT COURT - 1845

by Lloyd McConnell

The fall term of the Circuit Court, November 1845, saw a heavy docket in which several murder cases were tried. This called for an unusually heavy panel of petit jurors, as the regular panels were sometimes quickly exhausted.

Included in this large panel were William Shores, Alexander T.Beaty, William W.Kelly, James Jackson, Peter Stout, John Hiler, Elisha Tilly, James Owens, S. A. Sharp, Richard W. Cardwell, Anslum Barnes, William Graves, Harry Davidson, George A. Crawford, Hiram Fincher, James W. Cartright, Mathis Brower, Joseph Rogers, A.S.Denny, David Evans, Nathan Breedlove, Harrison Trammel, Gilman D. Wisner, James W. Hutchens and Robert Work.

Selected for other panels were Thomas Jackson, C. R. Mathews, John Cabe, Ransom H. Clary, Abel Johnson, and Trobert Butt, Willis Boyd, John Marshall, William Pelham, Hiram Blair, Alexander Buchanan, Evin Babb, Daniel Barefoot, John Harness, Robert G. Buchanan, Wesley Stone, William D. Sullivan, Jefferson Sisk, Charles Miller and George Catty.

The Court issued an attachment for a witness in a murder case and ordered him held in custody when found. An attorney for a defendant was fined $5 for contempt of court for whispering in a low tone, the answer for a witness to give in a trial, and the judge heard him.

Thomas H. Bridgewood, who had been indicted for murder, was found guilty of second degree murder, and his punishment fixed at five years in the state penitentiary.

Hosea Cardwell was appointed a deputy sheriff at this term of court by Sheriff O'Brien. Many extra deputies were needed at a term of court to handle bailiff's duties, shuffling prisoners back and forth from the jail and as guards.

James M. Tuttle, David Vann, Walter Mankins, John Carter, William Collier, John W. Denton, Joseph and Elizabeth Garvin, James Tipton, Solomon Roberts, Joseph M. Lynch, and William H. Blackburn attended courts to settle civil matters. Watt A. Robinson, William Henson, John Lindley and H.I.Sanderson were also in attendance at the trials.

Washington L. Wilson brought suit against Charles F. Town for the possession of a bedstead, and it not being shown to the Court what damage, if any, the plaintiff had suffered by the unlawful detention of said bedstead, a jury was empanneled and set his damage at $10.00. Should this verdict bea cause of wonderment to any reader it was often the custom of the parents to give a son a parcel of land when he got married, and to give to each of the daughters as they found a husband, her own bed and bedding.

Boling Smith is listed in a suit against James Sutton. A ford or crossing on the Illinois river west of Fayetteville has long been known as the Boling Smith ford. John B. Costa was serving as a Justice of the Peace in 1845, and J.B.Russell is listed as a J.P. in 1846.

The Grand Jury for the fall term of 1845 carried the following names: Henry Gregg, Fielding Has, John Odle, Larkin Noll, Samuel L. Harris (or Marris), Thomas Tyler, William C. Roberts, Jacob Oxford, Hezekiah Appleby, Arthur Crawford, Daniel W. Darris, William Crawford, James C. Bell, James Smith, Nathan Caughman, Wm.D.Caughman and John Tyner.

James McNair, John West, Jeremiah Bean, James Madden and John Sexton along with Alexander A. Scott were interested in lawsuits. It was noted that the Honorable Richard C.S. Brown, Judge of the 7th Judicial Circuit, would exchange benches with Judge Sebron Sneed at the Spring term of the Circuit Court in 1846.

Charges of assault and battery were pending against Samuel Nurse, David Walker and Samuel Mayes. William Reagan, Abram Odle, Thomas T. Beaty, Stephen Austin, Tandy Kidd, Wm. B. Sutton and Stephen Foreman were also involved in actions.

James Agnew was fined $5 for contempt of court for refusing to speak in an audible voice whilst testifying before the court and John H. Carlton was fined $5 for making an apology for him not speaking loudly enough. Jesse Blakemore, charged with assault and battery, was freed by the jury. Joseph Rogers, a member of the jury panel, was fined one cent for assault and battery by the rest of the jury, then James Lamberton, a juryman trying Mr.Rogers, was fined $15 for an assault.

Many extra petit jurors were called during this term, including A.D. Denny, T.E.Babb, Abel Johnson, Aaron Parks, M.C.Rieff, Wm.B. Cuthbert, William Odle, R. A . Sawyer, Jeremiah Odle, John Hyler, Dillin Irby, William Pelham, Norman Miller, Elzy Graham and W.B.Harrel. Still others serving after the regular panels were exhausted included Sam Henderson, Thomas B. Pogue, David Williams, John Beaver, Samuel Sisk, Hiram Shores, Ina L. Mathews, Stephen Pierson, W. Woodruff, Whiting Washington, David Evans, Bailey Marshall, T.E.Babb and A.Martin. Others called before the term ended were Spender Fine, Thomas Douthard, Henry Snider, Z. Young, Mead Dolton, W. H. Phillips, Asa Ellis, Aaron Robbins and Jesse Phelan.

James Keat and Joseph J.Wood, both coming from Great Britain, sought citizenship through the Circuit Court in 1846. Suits filed included Ezekiel Curry, James S. Price, Joseph Routh, F.G.Ake, E.M.Tatum, Lewis Russell, James Gilbreath, Wm.A .Mayfield, Joseph and Robert Rutherford.

William Hunt, John Swaggerty, Samuel Turner, Monroe Rose, George Paschal, Solomon and John Waldrop and John Matlock attended to their cases.

The Bank of Arkansas filed suit against Henry B. Brown, James G. McConnell and Green Gibson for a debt.

-- wchs --

TWO PHOTOS from the historical collection of Frank M. McConnell.

At left: Three McConnell brothers taken about 60 years ago. Left to right: The late A. E. McConnell, in center Frank M. McConnell; at right J. Ben McConnell. Both Frank and Ben live in Fayetteville (1966).

The cutlines for the picture below were written by F. M. McConnell, thus:

Lettie E. Mills-Lewis, daughter of Weth T. and Charity Thornsberry Mills, and wife of George W. Lewis.

She was born Dec. 20, 1828 and died Marc. 14, 1913. Her husband died Aug. 4, 1895 and her invalid daughter, Sarah Lewis, Sept. 26, 1904. She then discontinued housekeeping and lived with her daughter, Lavina Lewis-Ramey (Mrs. B. F. Ramey). The picture was made at the Ramey home about 1910. If contentment, serenity and transquillity come with the smoking of a clay pipe let us not be too critical lest "our self-righteous attitude" show through.

THE WAR-TIME NEWSLETTER

I have a partial file of the World War II Journalism Newsletter and quite a collection of war-time photographs. While looking through the accumulation, it occurred to me that this is an important part of history. So I have selected items from early issues of the Newsletter and a few pictures, for reprinting in coming issues of Flashback.

The Newsletter, which reached a copy circulation of 800 service men, most of them Razorbacks, was financed by donations from many persons. Hayden McIlroy and Clarence Smith were the promoters who kept the Newsletter account in the McIlroy Bank solvent. I remember one time when the bank balance got a bit low. "Big" Smith posted himself on Center street, with hat and hand out, and collected enough money to re-establish our credit.

When we revived the Newsletter for the Korean War, we had no financial problems. For example, the late Frank W. Newell '32 of LittleRock sent us from Korea a check for $50 written on a wooden shingle and the Worthen Bank cashed it promptly. And Joe B. Hurley '49 sent us a check for $100 from the front line in Korea to keep the newsletter coming. Joe was a resident of El Dorado but had joined the National Guard in Fayetteville, which is how he got to Korea. He is now a lawyer in Minneapolis, Minn.

The Newsletter went to the boys in the service, in all parts of the World. I wrote the letters and cut the stencils and my daughter Carol did most of the mimeographing. For assembling and mailing we got help from U of A co-eds and from some of the gals who worked in the University offices. They would report in the Basement of Old Main in the evening and stay until the last letter was sealed and stamped. I wish I had names and pictures of all these helpers.

I remember one time when LIFE magazine reported that girls were placing their lip-prints on the envelopes carrying soldier letters. Our gang caught on, and we had a lot of lipstick smears on our letters. One incident I remember well. Among the co-eds and others who helped us on this particular night was Marian Fox. I watched her handle the mailing and knew that she was looking for the envelope addressed to Bill Penix, who was then in the Philippines. When she found the envelope, she placed it aside, intending to put her red lip-prints on the back of the envelope.

I secured the letter, pressed my lips (and mustache) on a black ink pad, and then on the envelope. When Marian later saw the letter, with black mustacchio imprint, she was most unhappy. But I told her that her boy friend was in the south Pacific where he would see only black lip-prints for some time to come. Marian and Bill are both practicing law in Jonesboro. In fact, I think Marian is U.S. Commissioner.

On the accompanying page is a picture of the production staff of our Newsletter. It shows our daughter Carol (Mrs. Sam Sheffield) turning out the letters on our ancient mimeograph in the Basement of Old Main. History is really speeding up -- 25 years, to be exact.

-- WJL

25 YEARS AGO

Some Reprints from the War-time Journalism Newsletter
University of Arkansas

June 1941 -- Robert S. Austin '34 and Tom P. Lincoln '37 were in Hdqrs Battery, 206th Coast Artillery (anti-Aircraft) at Fort Bliss, Texas, an Arkandas National Guard outfit.

June 1941 -- Daphne Dailey '32, editor of the Progress at Bowling Green, Va., and the Sentry at Quantico, Va., is spending her vacation with home folks in Fayetteville. Expansion of the Marine Corps at Quantico and a new army camp at Bowling Green, have kept her busy.

June 1941 -- Otis Hays is a first lieut with the 153rd Infantry, now on its way to southern Louisiana for maneuvers.

June 1941 -- Bob Hamp '38, who is wirh the 38th Division at Camp Shelby, Miss., sent us a copy of the camp newspaper, The Reveille.

September 1941 -- Among the campus changes was the moving of the UA News Bureau to the basement of Old Main, in the room formerly occupied by the book store. Here Sam Schwieger, director of the News Bureau and field manager of the Arkansas Press Assn., and his assistant, Marguerite Gilstrap '30, have their offices. Here also Johnnie Porter handles the athletic publicity.

September 1941 -- Maston Jacks '39 is in the Air Corps Technical School at Lowry Field, Denver, Colo.

September 1941 -- Ellis Stafford '41 was wed July 30 at Long Beach, Calif. to Lowdean Head. Ellis is with the Santa Barbara News-Press.

September 1941 -- Mrs. Robert Hamilton (Maedean Henbest) writes interestingly of life at Schofield Barracks, Oahu, Hawaii, where her husband is adjutant of the 11th Medical Regiment.

April 1942 -- The following UA journalists are now in the Armed Services: Pvt.Robert S. Austin (Pacific area); A/C E.W."Ned" Butler; Lt. M.L."Footsie" Britt (Fort Benning, Ga.); Capt.Ellsworth Chunn (Philippines); Capt. Bob Connolly (Pine Camp, NY*; Lt.E.C.Deane, (Fort Warren Wyo.); Cpl. W.F. "Bill" Dunn (Camp Bowie, Tex); Pvt.Warren W. Funston (Fort Raymond, Alaska); Pvt. Bob Hamp (Camp Shelby, Miss.); Lt. Otis Hays (Fort Raymond, Alaska); Lt. John Hutchison (Fort Benning, Ga.); A/C Maston Jacks; Lt. Leland Leatherman (Pacific area); A/C Tom Lincoln (Ellington Field, Tex.); Pvt. Fayette Locke (Pacific); Pvt. Edwin B. Lothrop (Scott Field, Ill.); Lt. Chas V. Kappen (Fort Benning, Ga.); Lt. Chas. J. Martin (Stockton Field, Calif.); Pvt. Frank Newell (Camp Robinson, Ark.); Lt. Wm. A .Russell (Midland Field, Tex.); Cpl. Rad D. Steele (Air Corps, Las Vegas); Lt.Linus Williams (Camp Claiborne,La.); Pvt. Jack M. Young (Camp Robinson, Ark.); Pvt. Joe Leroux (Camp Barkeley, Tex.). Also add the following:

April 1941 -- Cpl. Thornton Moore, former Traveler editor, now with the 6th Med Bn. at Camp Pickett, Va.; Lt.C.E. "Gene" Shuford in training with the AC at Miami Beach, Fla; Lt. Dayton Moore and Lt. Bernal Seamster, both USNR and stationed at the Naval Air Station, Quonset Point, R.I.; Robert J. Wiseman of the US Engineers, APO 867 (Caribbean); W. A. "Lefty" Hawkins of the 88th Recon Sqdn in India.

Carol Lemke (now Mrs. Sam Sheffield) and her father, W. J. Lemke, running off the Journalism department's war-time Newsletter in the early 1940s. Note the ancient mimeograph.

LETTERS FROM READERS

Mrs. Charles C. Greene, 4277 Weber Ave., Sunnymead, Calif. 92388, writes: "Enclosed check is to renew my membership in WCHS and to pay for a copy of "Marriage Records of Washington County. Am so pleased with your magazine. It brings back many fond memories of our people. Not because of who we were or what we did but only because my father, mother and so many of our loved ones were born in Washington Co. and grew up there and were married there."

- wchs -

From an order for census lists: "I am interested in names of our forefathers. I am trying to trace our branch of the Pyeatt family. There is a gap of 40 years from 1791 to 1831 that I am trying to fill in." -- Preston Pyeatt, Box 243, Tonasket, Wash. 98855

- wchs -

From Mrs. Lucy B. Bell, Clovis, New Mexico: "How my father, W. H. Buchanan, would have enjoyed these stories and pictures of the olf families in northwest Arkansas. He would have known many, perhaps most of them, since he operated the Cane Hill Mill for many years and bought wheat and livestock from farmers for miles aroun and sold flour to many merchants."

- wchs -

SEEKS HELP ON PIONEER NAMES

Our Society has received a request for help from Robert M. Ausbourne of 6502 - 34th St., Tampa, Florida 33610. He enclosed a genealogical chart for his paternal ancestors (Ausbourne, Kendall, Hammond) and his mother's lines (Scoggins, Williams, Sanders, Hill, Fine, Cosby, Evans, and Rieff). These names are important in the pioneer history of Washington County. Because several of our members are working on these/ lines, we are giving the northwest Arkansas facts:

FINE -- Alfred Fine, b 4 Nov., 1867 Crawford Co., Ark.; d 8 Feb 1937 Stilwell, Adair Co., Okla. His parents were Peter Fine, who was b 9 Feb 1839 in Washington Co., Ark.; d 4 Dec. 1882 at Fine Springs, Crawford Co; married 9 Feb. 1860 to Ruth Cosby. Peter Fine was the son of Jonathan Fine, b 1 Aug. 1814, who married Rachel Mankins, daughter of Peter Mankins Sr.

Ruth Cosby, b ca 1840 Ala.; d ca. 1872 Fine Springs, Crawford Co., Ark., was the daughter of Wiley Cosby, b ca 1800; d ca 1849 on way to Calif.; and Mary, b 4 Feb. 1802 in Va. and d 12 Feb 1870 in Washington Co., Ark.

Other Washington County connections are the following:

EVANS -- Laura Belle Evans, b 29 Oct. 1874 in Washington Co., Ark.; d. June 1957 Sallisaw, Okla. She was the daughter of James Evans, b. 6 Mar. 1843 (or 1842) in Washington Co., Ark.; d. 1895 16 July, 1916 Galena, Kans. He married 5 Nov. 1867 Mary J. Rieff, who was born ca 1839 in Washington Co., Ark. and d. 1895 in Washington Co.

Mary J. Rieff Evans was the daughter of Orren M. Rieff, b. 27 Feb. 1810 in Wilson Co., Tenn.; and Matilda A. Fambro, b. 13 Oct. 1813 in Tenn. Both Orren M. Rieff and his wife, Matilda A. Fambro Rieff died in Washington Co., Ark. after 1889.

- wchs -

JOURNALISM GIRLS OF 1928

The pictures on the facing page are of Pi Kappa, women's journalism society at the University.

In the 1928 photo the identifications are as follows:

Back Ros:
Mary Ellen Fulks
Virginia Reed
Maude Gold
Mary Peel
Lura Hudson

Front row:
Mary Schilling
Nelda Hickman
Zillah Cross Peel, sponsor
Marguerite Gilstrap
Mabel Claire Gold
Madge Curtis

In the 1938 photo are the following:

Back row:
Beth Cain
Jean Heiden
Unidentified
Marian Brinson
Unidentified
Dorothy Douglas
Unidentified
Helen Johnson

Middle row:
Bettie Barnes
Mary Kate Gilmore

Front row:
Virginia Cain
Paula Braun
Betty Allyn Nettleship
Juliet Mayfield

These pictures were taken at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Lemke on North College Avenue, Fayetteville. Mrs. Lemke attained a reputation for her baked beans, always called "Press Club beans" by the UofA students.

"Campus Memories" will te resumed in our next issue of Flashback, with special attention to the language professors.

- wchs -

UA JOURNALISM GIRLS OF 1928

JOURNALISM GIRLS OF 1938

(Identification on facing page)

OUT OF PO BOX 237

Our first letter from City Manager Cox was a request that we send any information we have about James Ozment "said to be buried in the old Fayetteville cemetery." He was a Civil War soldier, either Union or Confederate, and the lady who wrote to the City Manager would like to know about his family and the circumstances of his death.

- wchs -

Thank you very much for the information about the Butterfield Overland Mail. I ordered a souvenir edition of the Van Buren Press-Argus, but the editor said he is out of the issue at present. I wish I had been here in 1958 to go with the stagecoach to San Francisco. Thanks for your invitation to join the Washington County Historical Society.

Miss Rachel Harris Campbell,
PO Box 953, Fayetteville, Ark.

- wchs -

Have you any information on Walter Eugene Sizemore, born May 10, 1891 at Savoy, Ark.? I would like to find out where I can get a birth certificate on him. His parents were Richard Sizemore and Wilma. Richard died 1926 or 1927 and Wilma died about 1913.

Eugene L. Sizemore,
801 North L, Tacoma, Wash. 98403

- wchs -

Roy W. Brading, Route 2, Prairie Grove, has sent us a photostatic copy of his father's Civil War discharge, which we hopento reproduce in an early issue of FLASHBACK. The document shows that Thomas Brading enlisted in Co. G, 6th Regiment of Kansas cavalry on Nov. 1, 1862 as a 15-year-old boy and was discharged July 18, 1865 at DeValls Bluff, Ark. Thomas Brading was born in Cane Hill, Ark. and was 18 at the time of his discharge from the Federal service.

--- wchs ---

We do appreciate the information you gave us on our recent visit to Fayetteville. We visited the Rieff cemetery and were pleased to find it in such good condition, also Strickler, Zinnamon and Friendship When we get our information organized, we will send you a copy.

Glen T. Rieff,
Rt. 2, Canal Winchester, Ohio, 43110

- wchs -

Thank you so much for the sample copy of FLASHBACK. My I congratulate the Society for such a fine publication. My check enclosed and I am looking forward to receiving future issues.

Mrs. Ralph Bellar (Gail Arnold),
1807 Walnut, Harper, Kansas 67058

- wchs -

I appreciate your helping me to locate the Lea family history booklet. I am sure that you will locate it for me in the near future.

Mrs. D. Harris,
1004 W. Fremont, Selah, Wash. 98942

- wchs -

WCHS NOTES

We would be ungrateful indeed if we did not acknoledge the typing help given us by one of our members, Mrs. J. K. Newhouse, 725 Anna Place, Fayetteville. Mrs. Newhouse cut the stencils for our last two issues and refused to accept any remuneration. Cutting more than 100 stencils is a real "labor of love" and We thank Mrs.Newhouse. Running the stencils off on the duplicating machine (700 copies of each stencil) is the achievement of our secretary, Deane G. Carter, who also refuses to accept any pay for his work. We do employ four high school girls to do the collating (assembling the pages).

- wchs -

Our chairman for genealogy is Miss Bernice Karnes, West Fork, Ark. She is an enthusiastic worker and carries on quite a correspondence. Write to her if you are researching any of the early families of Washington County. For families in other Arkansas counties, write to the Arkansas Genealogical Society, Box 587, Conway, Ark. That society publishes the Arkansas Family Historian.

- wchs -

M. E. Oliver, silkscreen artist of Huntsville, Ark., who specializes in drawings of old mills, log houses, and the like, has sent us his original drawing of the old mill at Cane Hill, and a photograph of the model of the mill that he recently constructed. We plan to use Mr. Oliver's drawing on the cover of our next issue. We think some of the folks in the west part of the county, especially Prairie Grove, should purchase Mr.Oliver's original drawings,but if they don't these works of pioneer art will go elsewhere. Thanks to Mr.Oliver and it was good to see him on a recent visit to our WCHS office.

- wchs -

A year or two ago one of our members sent us a bank note $20 issued by the Government of Texas and signed by Sam Houston, Pres. Being of a suspicious nature, we asked for authentication and got word that a New York bank had pronounced the currency as genuine. We sent the note to the Houston Chamber of Commerce, thinking they might be able to use it in their publicity, and, of course, hoping for a nice contribution to our historical Society. So it came as something of a shock to get a letter from the Houston CofC saying that the bank note is not genuine but a reproduction. Also, the Exec Secty sent us a $100 note issued by the Republic of Texas. The experts analyze the paper, printing, etc. and our Sam Houston note and the Republic of Texas note are proven to be reproductions. Our Government of Texas note is dated Apr. 1, 1838 and the $100 Republic of Texas note is dated 1839. But we will tell you this -- whether original or reproduction, Sam Houston had a firm and flowing signature

- wchs -

The next issue of FLASHBACK will carry the names of the 650 members who have kept Washington County history alive in 1966. The surprising thing is that so many descendants of pioneer families are not represented on our membership list. Dues are $3 per year, which is certainly a small amount to help keep the memory of ancestors alive.

-- WJL

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